ETHELINDE,

OR THE

RECLUSE OF THE LAKE.

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BY

CHARLOTTE SMITH.

IN FIVE VOLUMES.

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CHAPTER I.

AN anxious week now paſſed, during which the Colonel applied to have his ſon's draughts reſtored to him, in order for payment; but found they had been ſent back proteſted to Gibraltar: a circumſtance which gave to Ethelinde the moſt cruel uneaſineſs, as ſhe knew that her brother, warm and irritable as he was, would feel the mortification as well as the inconveni-

ence ariſing from ſuch a circumſtance, with particular poignancy. By the return of the poſt ſhe received a letter from Sir Edward Newenden, encloſing a draft on his banker for the ſum Captain Cheſterville had drawn for, and entreating her father to apply to him on every occaſion without ſcruple; adding, that as ſoon as he returned to London he would be happy to be allowed to aſſiſt him in regulating his affairs, and hoped to ſee him again without embarraſſment or uneaſineſs. A conduct ſo truly generous greatly affected the Colonel, while it impreſſed on Ethelinde the warmeſt ſentiments of gratitude and affection!

But the variety of ſenſations which her father's declining health and encreaſing difficulties, her brother's diſſipation, and Sir Edward's goodneſs, gave her, could not for a moment expel from her mind the image of Montgomery. Whenever ſhe was alone, ſhe indulged herſelf in the painful pleaſure of thinking of him: and,

as

as ſhe had related to her father the circumſtance that introduced him to her acquaintance, and found that he was indeed the Engliſh officer to whom the elder Montgomery owed his life, ſhe had ſometimes an opportunity of talking of him who occupied ſo much of her thoughts. Colonel Cheſterville ſpoke of the Mr. Montgomery with whom he had been acquainted as the braveſt and moſt amiable of men; and he deſcribed his wife as poſſeſſing to a great degree that eminent beauty of which Ethelinde had ſeen the remains, together with the moſt enchanting manners. He expreſſed himſelf pleaſed with the inclination Montgomery had ſhewn to renew their acquaintance, and thus unſuſpectingly encouraged, in the heart of his daughter, a paſſion which was already fatal to her peace.

Montgomery, however, appeared not; and Ethelinde felt all the pain of uncertainty, and all the apprehenſions that the idea of his having forgotten her brought

with it; which, added to her domeſtic unhappineſs, allowed her not to taſte of peace. She confined herſelf entirely to her father; going only once out, to viſit the children of Sir Edward Newenden at Denham Houſe, about two miles from Windſor. She was by that viſit enabled to give their father an account of them, and to make more ſupportable to him the long abſence from them which all his letters lamented; for he had informed her, that he and Lady Newenden were at Scarborough with Lord Danesforte and a large party of friends, and that her Ladyſhip expreſſed an inclination to remain there at leaſt another fortnight.

About four days after this viſit, a ſervant arrived expreſs from the governeſs who had the care of the little Newendens, informing her, that the eldeſt boy was ſuddenly and violently ſeized by a fever, and that the apothecary of the neighbourhood apprehended him to be in extreme danger. She therefore beſought Miſs Cheſterville to

come down, and bring with her a phyſician; adding, that in a life of ſo much conſequence ſhe could not think of being anſwerable to Sir Edward for the event, and that Mr. and Mrs. Maltravers being at Bath, there was no other of the family in or near London.

Ethelinde, her heart torn by anxiety for Sir Edward, who doated on this child, heſitated not a moment to obey the ſummons. But her father, who dreaded leſt ſhe might be expoſed to the danger of an infectious fever, ſuffered her with extreme reluctance to depart, and gave way to all the forebodings of evil which on ſuch an occaſion overwhelm the ſtrongeſt mind already depreſſed by misfortune.

One of the moſt eminent phyſicians in London went down with her; and on their arrival he found the little patient in a ſituation which gave him the moſt alarming apprehenſions for his life. The fever being pronounced of a malignant nature, the other children were removed from that

part of the houſe; and Ethelinde, that no communication might occur to affect them, ordered their governeſs and nurſery maids to remain with them, while ſhe, with the aſſiſtance of one of the inferior ſervants, undertook to attend entirely on the ſick child. While the ſight of ſuffering innocence awakened all the tenderneſs of her nature, the obligations ſhe conſidered herſelf under to Sir Edward animated her zeal. But in deſpite of her unwearied attention, and the ſkill of the phyſician, the poor little boy grew ſo much worſe on the ſecond day, that no hopes were entertained; and a meſſenger was ſent off to Scarborough to acquaint Sir Edward with theſe diſtreſſing tidings.

Two more anxious days and two hopeleſs nights did Ethelinde yet paſs at the bed ſide of the little ſufferer, without taking any reſt or quitting him a moment; every chance that remained of ſaving him depending entirely on the inceſſant application of medicines or nouriſhment. To-

wards

wards the evening of the third day, the phyſicians thought that ſome favourable ſymptoms appeared, and the hope of his recovery gave new courage to his lovely nurſe. The child, who was about four years old, and had always been very fond of her, was now, in every interval of recollection, pleaſed and ſoothed if he ſaw her, and when he had the power, refuſed to take any thing but from her hand, or to compoſe himſelf to ſleep unleſs her arm ſupported him.

The flattering ſymptoms encreaſed, and a ſoft ſleep into which the patient had fallen, ſtrengthened the faint hopes that Ethelinde had yet hardly dared to indulge. She was kneeling on a cuſhion by the bed ſide; one arm extended acroſs the pillow, ſupported his head; with her other hand ſhe held one of his, counting the feeble pulſe; while her eyes watched the little faded face, and her whole countenance moſt forcibly ſpoke tenderneſs, anxiety, and fear. Precautions had been taken to

keep the room as quiet as poſſible: ſomebody glided in; but concluding it was the ſervant who attended her, ſhe did not look up, till a violent burſt of tears, and the exclamation of "oh! my boy, my poor boy!" made her raiſe her eyes, and ſhe beheld Sir Edward at the foot of the bed. She was leſs ſurpriſed at his appearance, as it was time to expect him in conſequence of the expreſs, than ſhocked at the expreſſion of grief and horror which ſhe beheld in his face. His eyes were ſwolen and wild; his lips trembled; and with his hands claſped he ſeemed to wait in agonizing terror to hear that his little darling was taken from him for ever, or that he was only come to ſee him die.

Ethelinde, in a low whiſper, beſought him to be compoſed, and aſſured him that the child was better, and that there were ſome hopes.

"Oh flatter me not, my deareſt Ethelinde," murmured the unhappy father; "that

" that altered countenance! Oh I cannot be deceived. His mother! ſhe is not here! ſhe comes not!" In a tranſport of grief he ſtruck his hand on his forehead, turned to the window and wept aloud.

" Be patient, Sir Edward, for God's ſake," whiſpered Ethelinde: " think not I would deceive you; but indeed there is a change for the better within a few hours."

" Oh! lovelieſt, kindeſt, beſt of creatures! you have ſupplied, more than ſupplied the part of a mother to my poor boy! And ſhould he recover!—But I dare not hope it," continued he, approaching the bed, on the ſide of which Ethelinde knelt—" Oh no! when I look on him I dare not hope it."

At this moment the two phyſicians, for another had by this time been called in, entered the room. Sir Edward, breathleſs with his fear, was unable to ſpeak to them; and when they approached to

examine the ſituation of the child, his anxiety grew ſo inſupportable, that without knowing what he did he ran out of the room, and into the garden, where he continued walking about, without having courage to aſk the reſult of their enquiries.

After having ſuffered this dreadful ſuſpence ſome minutes, one of the phyſicians came out to him. "Be of comfort, Sir Edward," ſaid he, "we have hopes. Our little patient, tho' not, I am afraid, out of danger, is however better. His ſtrength is greater than we could have expected; and the tender, the inceſſant care of Miſs Cheſterville gives us every advantage."

"Heaven bleſs her!" exclaimed Sir Edward, while the tears, which anxiety had reſtrained, again ſtreamed from his eyes. "Heaven bleſs and reward her! My boy then will live!—will be reſtored to me!"

"Of that," replied Dr. F——, "we cannot

cannot yet ſpeak with abſolute certainty. But this I will venture to ſay, that if no unfavourable ſymptoms appear before to-morrow morning, he will, tho' ſlowly, recover. Let me however hint to you, Sir Edward, that our lovely aſſiſtant riſks her own health too much. The abſtinence, the watching, the anxiety ſhe has ſuffered, make her particularly liable to be attacked by an infectious diſtemper, which the diſorder your ſon labours under undoubtedly is. Perſuade her to attend a little to herſelf, leaſt ſhe ſhould be diſabled from executing her kind offices before her little charge can do without her."

New anguiſh now ſtruck the heart of Sir Edward: not yet ſecure of the life of his ſon; he was aſſaulted by fears for another life, hardly leſs dear to him. He haſtened however as ſoon as the phyſicians departed, to the room where Ethelinde yet remained with the child, who was now awake and ſenſible. His father embraced him with tranſport; heard with apprehen-

ſive pleaſure every ſymptom related that promiſed his recovery; and then leaving him a moment to the care of the ſervant, he beſought Ethelinde to go with him into another room.

She obeyed with difficulty, being ſo weak for want of reſt that ſhe could hardly ſtand. He was ſhocked at perceiving it, as ſhe leaned gently on his arm; and having led her into Lady Newenden's dreſſing room, and ſhut the door, he ſeated her on a ſopha; and then, unable to conquer the violence of the tenderneſs, gratitude, and ſolicitude which agitated his ſoul, he threw himſelf on his knees beſide her, and ſeizing her hands, he ſobbed aloud, and preſſed them to his heart and to his eyes; while Ethelinde, overcome by theſe wild expreſſions of his concern, and worn out with fatigue, wept alſo, and ſuffered him for ſome moments to remain kneeling. His voice was at firſt choaked; but as ſoon as he recovered it, he ſaid, in trembling accents—"Ethelinde

linde, you have, under Providence, ſaved my boy! but at what a price, if your own life is to be endangered! My Ethelinde, the fever is infectious; you have taken no care of yourſelf! Oh! God! if you ſhould become ill—if you ſhould yourſelf ſuffer, what will become of me? Diſtraction muſt be my portion!"

"Wherefore terrify yourſelf, dear Sir Edward, with theſe, perhaps groundleſs, apprehenſions. Let us not look forward to future pain; but rather rejoice in the favourable proſpect of the little angel's recovery; and do recollect how neceſſary it is that Lady Newenden, who muſt be dreadfully uneaſy, ſhould be relieved as ſoon as poſſible from the torturing ſuſpence in which you left her."

"Beſt and moſt conſiderate of human beings! Loveliеſt—deareſt!—Oh! why are not all hearts like yours. Yes! I will ſend to Lady Newenden; but——ſhe feels not as you do!" Then ſeeming to recollect himſelf, he added—"But undoubtedly

edly I will diſpatch a meſſenger to her this evening. I can however have no courage to undertake any thing till you conſent to take reſt and refreſhment. You are ſo pale, ſo languid. Ethelinde! if you would not render me the moſt wretched of mankind, and deprive me of more than half the comfort of my child's recovery; have pity on me by taking care of a life more dear to me, a thouſand times more dear, than my own exiſtence!"

"I want no reſt, Sir Edward! I cannot reſt till the little boy is out of danger. Neglect for a moment now, may deſtroy our reviving hopes. I feel no fatigue. Suffer me to return to my charge, and be aſſured that my attendance on him, eſpecially while we have favourable prognoſtics, does not affect me half ſo much as the ſight of your grief and agitation."

She then returned with faultering ſteps back to the ſick room; and having the comfort to find the little boy ſtill ſenſible, and the promiſing appearances encreaſing,

ſhe

ſhe endeavoured to tranquillize her thoughts; but the vehemence with which Sir Edward had addreſſed her, the agony in which ſhe had ſeen him, and the expreſſion he had uſed in regard to Lady Newenden, dwelt on her mind, and encreaſed the tremor of her frame. That night however ſhe lay down for a few hours, while Sir Edward watched by his ſon; but tho' extreme fatigue cloſed her eyes, her ſleep was diſturbed and uneaſy; and ſhe aroſe without being at all refreſhed by the tranſient forgetfulneſs ſhe had obtained.

On the arrival of the phyſicians the following day, they pronounced their patient to be out of danger; and Sir Edward, who had forborne to ſend an expreſs while it was doubtful, now ſent a ſervant off with a letter to Lady Newenden, in which, after informing her of the probability there was of her ſon's recovery, he ſpoke in the warmeſt praiſe of Ethelinde; to whom he ſaid ſo great an happineſs was, under Providence, owing; and he entreated Lady

Newenden

Newenden to return to Denham as ſoon as her health would permit. He wrote alſo to Colonel Cheſterville; and beſought him to come down and ſtay with him and Ethelinde, at leaſt till the arrival of Lady Newenden; in conſequence of which the Colonel, who had been wretched ever ſince his daughter's abſence, arrived the ſame evening.

Though he was extremely hurt on firſt ſeeing Ethelinde, who looked like a beautiful ſpirit, ſo pale and thin was ſhe grown, he became more eaſy when ſhe aſſured him that the alteration in her appearance had been occaſioned merely by the fatigue of ſitting up, added to her fears for little Edward; and that in a day or two ſhe ſhould be perfectly well.

As the child's illneſs every hour abated, ſhe no longer remained by his bed during the night; but was his conſtant attendant by day, and at all other hours, and in two or three days he was well enough

enough to ſit in her lap, and to return her careſſes.

With what tranſport did Sir Edward hang over them both; and how difficult did he find it to check the effuſions of love, gratitude, and admiration, which filled his heart. Since he dared not however expreſs in words what he felt, he endeavoured by kindneſs and generoſity to the father to gratify the beloved daughter; and having gathered from the Colonel what ſum would redeem his mortgaged pay, and make him eaſy, he immediately gave it him; making himſelf his ſole creditor, and taking his bond for the money; declining however to receive any intereſt upon it, till it was more convenient to him to pay it. The recovery of his beloved child, the preſence of Ethelinde, and the peace he had thus reſtored to her father, drove for a few days every painful idea from the heart of Sir Edward; but after a time they recurred with great ſeverity. Lady Newenden arrived not tho'

there

there had been time for her arrival, and he could not help reflecting on that want of feeling which could allow her in ſuch a caſe to think of her own eaſe only: when to her coldneſs and inſenſibility was contraſted the generous tenderneſs of Ethelinde, he felt that ſhe became every hour more dear to him; in her abſence his thoughts dwelt perpetually on the means of making her happy; when ſhe was preſent, his eyes watched every turn of her countenance, and his ears attended only to her voice; the languor and paleneſs which ſtill continued, though her fears and her fatigue were at an end, alarmed him as much as it did her father. She inſiſted on it however that ſhe was well; and refuſed to take either advice or medicine till the evening of the fourth day after the little boy was pronounced out of danger. She was then compelled to go to bed, to acknowledge that ſhe felt herſelf very much otherwiſe than well; and before morning ſymptoms appeared

which

which made it no longer doubtful that ſhe had received the ſame illneſs that had been ſo nearly fatal to him.

The diſtraction of Colonel Cheſterville and Sir Edward is not to be deſcribed. While the former inſiſted on remaining with her, the latter ſent repeated expreſſes to London for phyſicians, and wandered from the door of her chamber to the parlour, from the parlour to the garden, incapable of reſting any where, and aſking of her attendant a thouſand queſtions in a moment. In the midſt of this painful ſuſpence, and while he continued to hear only of encreaſing fever and more alarming delirium, a coach approached; Sir Edward ran out, expecting the phyſicians he had ſent for; but he ſaw his own ſervants and carriage, and aſſiſted Lady Newenden into the houſe.

"I ſtopped in town," ſaid her Ladyſhip, as he led her in, "and heard that Edward is out of danger. Your looks however

however do not confirm the news. How is he? how are the others?"

"He is better—he is, thank God, out of danger, and the other dear little ones are well. But Ethelinde, to whoſe attention we owe ſo much, was yeſterday ſeized with the ſame diſorder, which ſhe has acquired in attending upon our boy, and I dread the event."

"Good God then!" exclaimed Lady Newenden "the fever is infectious?"

"Undoubtedly."

"And you have ſuffered me, Sir Edward, to enter the houſe! Upon my word I am but little obliged to you! I certainly however will not ſtay; and as Ethelinde cannot I ſuppoſe be removed——"

"Be removed!—would you remove her?—her to whoſe generous and diſintereſted tenderneſs you owe the life of your child."

"I am obliged to her; but as my life is alſo of ſome little conſequence, and I can do nobody any good by riſking it, I ſhall

I ſhall remove myſelf to the houſe of my father. It would be wiſer I think, Sir Edward, if you were to quit the houſe alſo."

"May I periſh if I am capable of ſuch ſelfiſh ingratitude. You, Lady Newenden, are at liberty to do as you pleaſe."

"I intend it," replied ſhe haughtily, "and ſhall take the other children with me. Order back the coach therefore, let my baggage be replaced, and let the ſervants have orders to bring down the younger children and put them into the coach."

"And you depart without ſeeing Edward?"

"Of what uſe will it be to him ſince he is out of danger; and why ſhould I hazard my own life?"

"As you pleaſe, Lady Newenden," ſaid he, with an air of chagrin which he could not diſguiſe. He then went up to haſten the children; and as ſoon as they were ready, Lady Newenden got into the

the coach; and without expreſſing any ſolicitude about Ethelinde, and very little for her ſon, ſhe departed for the houſe of her father, which was about five miles from her own. Miſs Newenden had parted from her in town; and as the hunting ſeaſon had now commenced, was gone to her houſe in Dorſetſhire. Ethelinde in the mean time grew worſe every hour, and continued either in heavy doſings or wild delirium. Her father, in ſuch diſtreſs as ſuſpended the power of complaint, ſat by her, watching her when ſhe lay quiet with ſome degree of hope, and ſtarting into the moſt agonizing fears when ſhe broke into raving. The name of Montgomery was frequently repeated. She fancied that ſhe talked to him, heard his anſwers, and ſometimes held imaginary dialogues with his mother. At length the phyſicians arrived. Sir Edward attended them to the door; and then beckoning the Colonel out, he led him down ſtairs in ſilence.

Her

Her ſituation was found extremely dangerous; and a dreadful interval was now to paſs of the moſt torturing ſuſpenſe, for it was many days before they could tell how the diſorder would terminate. The ſkill, however, of the phyſicians, and the advantage of youth and a good conſtitution, at length enabled them to pronounce her out of danger from the fever; but ſhe was ſo much reduced that a decline ſeemed inevitable; and this dreadful, though more diſtant apprehenſion, deprived both her father and Sir Edward of all the comfort they derived from the abſence of any more immediate danger.

In a fortnight, Lady Newenden returned, as every probability of infection was then at an end. But Ethelinde, not yet ſtrong enough to leave her chamber, paſſed another week almoſt alone; her father having been obliged to return to London; and Lady Newenden, whoſe houſe was now crouded with company as uſual, paying her very little attention.

Her

Her viſits were ſhort and cold; and ſhe ſeemed more diſobliged by Ethelinde's having ſhewn a virtue and tenderneſs ſhe herſelf poſſeſſed not, than grateful for the reſtoration of her ſon, to which ſhe had contributed at the hazard of her life. More vain, capricious, and haughty than ever, Sir Edward fancied that there was an evident change in her behaviour towards him; and that towards her children ſhe expreſſed leſs tenderneſs than ever: while all the gentle affections ſhe ſeemed to want, he found in Ethelinde, and every compariſon he made ſerved only to ſhew him her ſuperior perfections.

But the more his attachment towards her became confirmed and ardent, the more ſedulouſly he endeavoured to conceal it, and the more uneaſy he grew at the hints Lady Newenden frequently threw out of his too great partiality to her couſin; tho' they were given ſometimes in raillery, ſometimes with contemptuous bitterneſs. His peace however, was effectually deſtroyed,

his

his mind in a perpetual conflict; and one of the moſt painful circumſtances of his ſuffering was, that he dared not ſee Ethelinde but in company with others; and that their reading, their converſations, their innocent and friendly confidences, ſo ſoothing to his heart, were of neceſſity ſuſpended; and though he believed ſhe was ſinking into the grave, by a gradual decay brought upon her by her attendance on his child, he knew not what he could attempt to ſave her; and the embarraſſed ſtate of her father's affairs completed the diſtreſs of his mind on her account.

CHAPTER II.

LORD Danesforte now added frequently to the number of viſitors which the return of Lady Newenden had brought to Denham. Gaiety and amuſement reigned in the houſe: and Mr. and Mrs. Maltravers, who were ſometimes there, by no means checked the diſſipation of their daughter; but ſeemed to conſider it as one of the privileges of great fortune to be inſenſible of the weakneſſes of humanity and the prejudices of the vulgar. Ethelinde, who from the circumſtances of her father, which were now too well known, began to be conſidered as a dependent, was ſometimes wholly neglected by the lady of the houſe; and when ſhe was noticed, it was done in ſuch a way as gave the other viſitors to underſtand that notwithſtanding her noble birth, ſhe had very little on which

to

to value herſelf, but the protection and aſſiſtance of her opulent relations.

She would moſt willingly have quitted Denham; but her father had now parted with his houſe in town, and was in lodgings till he could ſettle his affairs by the aſſiſtance of Sir Edward; who, deprived of almoſt all other happineſs, found his greateſt conſolation in contributing to the eaſe and relief of the father of Ethelinde. He was with him two or three times a week; paid many of thoſe demands which were moſt uneaſy to him; put the reſt in a way to be diſcharged; and laid down a plan for the Colonel's future life which would, he hoped, not only retrieve his circumſtances, but enable him to leave an independence for Ethelinde; whoſe ſtate of health, however, was ſtill ſuch as made him dread that ſhe might not live to make ſuch a proviſion neceſſary. In the extreme languor that her illneſs left, the idea of Montgomery, which had not forſaken her for a moment even during her delirium,

took if poſſible more forcible poſſeſſion of her thoughts. Diſguſted by the uſeleſs and unmeaning parade with which ſhe was ſurrounded, and weary of ſociety where friendſhip and ſincerity were forgotten, ſhe ſuffered her imagination to wander towards ſcenes more adapted to her taſte, and more ſoothing to her heart: and fancied, that if ſhe could live with Mrs. Montgomery in her cottage, ſhe ſhould be happy. To be the friend, the companion of that amiable and intereſting woman—how deſirable, compared to her preſent lot. To be the wife of Montgomery!——She dared not truſt herſelf with an hope ſo romantic—ſo enchanting—ſo impoſſible! She tried to drive it from her: but her buſy fancy was ſtill in ſpite of herſelf employed in dreſſing ſcenes of viſionary happineſs, from which ſhe returned to feel with awakened anguiſh the melancholy and depreſſing circumſtances of her real ſituation. Lord Danesforte, who ſaw, in the faded delicacy of her face and form, new attractions, took every oppor-

opportunity of whiſpering to her the moſt extravagant compliments; but ſhe obſerved, that when Lady Newenden was preſent he carefully avoided taking any particular notice of her; and ſhe ſometimes fancied that her Ladyſhip ſhewed for him a preference, injurious to the affection ſhe owed to the beſt and tendereſt of huſbands. She checked theſe ſuſpicions, however, as ſoon as they aroſe; and comparing the mind, the manners, the perſon of Sir Edward, with thoſe of Lord Danesforte, ſhe believed it impoſſible that a woman who was by her own choice the wife of the former, could beſtow a thought on the latter. Sir Edward, though the company of Lord Danesforte afforded him little pleaſure, appeared not to be diſpleaſed by his frequent and long viſits; and his Lordſhip had found means to make Mrs. Maltravers his warm friend and admirer. When Sir Edward therefore was not of their parties to London or at home, Mrs. Maltravers almoſt always was; and the countenance and

company of her mother precluded the poſſibility of her Ladyſhip's ſuffering from the envenomed tongue of ſcandal, though continually ſeen with a man ſo notorious for his licentious gallantry.

It was now the end of October. Ethelinde continued ill and languid: the pain of her mind prevented her frame from gaining ſtrength: but ſhe complained not; and in the many deſponding moments wiſhed that her life, which was not likely to be happy, might be ſhort. Davenant, who had been left on a ſhooting party in Yorkſhire, now arrived at Denham. At firſt he affected coldneſs and indifference towards Ethelinde. He ſeemed to reſent what paſſed at their laſt meeting, and to talk of other beauties he had ſeen, who had vied with each other in their attention to him. Ethelinde, whoſe indifference his addreſſes had converted into diſlike, gave leſs attention to him than ever; and the bluſtering airs of conſequence which he had of late acquired, were more diſguſting to her

her than his former inſipidity of character, ready always to aſſume the tone of the company he was in.

Since Lord Danesforte had become his model, he had learned to talk nonſenſe with greater vehemence, to make bold aſſertions on things of which he knew nothing, to ſwear at his ſervants when he was not angry, and to boaſt of being well received by perſons whom he knew only by ſight. He fearleſsly entered into arguments with Sir Edward; of whom he had till now been in ſome ſort of awe; and advanced undauntedly thoſe diſſolute principles which his weak mind had received, as faſhionable and liberal. Sir Edward, now aſhamed of having ſuppoſed he could ever be acceptable to Ethelinde, and now trembling at the dreary proſpect before her, which made ſome eſtabliſhment abſolutely neceſſary, ſought at firſt to reaſon with him, and to ſtop the career of folly into which he was evidently plunging, in ſpite of his natural love of money: a paſſion, which

however deſpicable, was the only one likely to counterbalance his paſſion for celebrity on the turf and at the gaming table. But reaſon was loſt on him; and authority, Sir Edward poſſeſſed no longer, as he had been ſome weeks of age, and Sir Edward had, the day when he came to Denham, ſettled the account of his minority with him; and having reſigned into his own management his eſtates greatly improved, and amounting to above five thouſand a year, he had transferred to him four and forty thouſand pounds in government ſecurities; being partly money left there by his father, but much more of it, the amount of ſavings made by his excellent guardian during his long minority.

Colonel Cheſterville, who had not for ten days ſeen his daughter, now arrived. The generous friendſhip of Sir Edward, had greatly relieved his mind; and he came down in the comfortable hope of finding her much better, and of taking her with him to Bath in encreaſing health and ſpirits.

ſpirits. But when ſhe appeared to him, all theſe pleaſing expectations were ſucceeded by the moſt painful apprehenſions: her pale lips, heavy eyes, her colourleſs cheeks and emaciated hands, made him ſtart in terror as ſhe approached to embrace him; and on queſtioning her he found, notwithſtanding her attempts to conceal it, that far from having regained any portion of ſtrength, ſhe had grown every day more weak and languid.

He would not alarm her by expreſſing all the fears this certainty inflicted on him: but ſeeking Sir Edward as ſoon as he returned from his morning ride, he communicated to him all his fears; and found ſympathy in a warm and affectionate heart, as much attached to Ethelinde as his own. But conſolation was not to be found for either, when ſhe appeared to be in danger. It was however determined that ſhe ſhould go immediately to Briſtol; and the Colonel fixed to depart in three days.

Lady Newenden was that day abſent;

accompanied by her mother and a female friend, and eſcorted by Davenant, ſhe was gone to a magnificent ball, given by a woman of faſhion to a very numerous party of gueſts; where Lord Danesforte was to meet them, and from whence he was to accompany them home. Sir Edward had declined going on pretence of expecting Colonel Cheſterville; and for the firſt time for many months he enjoyed the pleaſure of being with Ethelinde in company only with her father, to whom all the tenderneſs and attention he ſhewed to her, ſeemed no more than what was her due from every human being. Checked only by his fears for her health, the pleaſure Sir Edward enjoyed in being with her, made the day imperceptibly glide away. When he could ſee her ſmile, and hear her ſoft but ſenſible voice; when ſhe ſat ſurrounded by his children, who never were ſo happy as when they were hanging about her; he drank intoxicating draughts of paſſion; and neither his reaſon nor his

morality

morality were ſtrong enough to prevent his making compariſons as unfavourable to his wife as deſtructive to his own happineſs.

Lady Newenden and her party returned not till four in the morning. The night had been rainy and tempeſtuous; and her Ladyſhip, in quitting the crouded rooms, and travelling ſeven miles in ſuch bad weather, caught a very ſevere cold. A violent cough ſucceeded. Mr. Maltravers, on whom the pallid looks and ſunk features of his niece had made no impreſſion, was extremely alarmed at the indiſpoſition of his daughter. Advice was immediately ſent for; remedies of every kind applied with the moſt impatient ſolicitude; but as the complaint yielded not immediately to them, Mr. Maltravers told Sir Edward that he could not be eaſy unleſs his daughter went to Briſtol; and as whatever he ſaid Sir Edward was accuſtomed to attend to, the journey was immediately propoſed, with pleaſure on his part, as Ethelinde would

would be with them; and he ſhould, without the appearance of ſingularity, ſtill be indulged with the happineſs of ſeeing her. As London was yet dull and empty, and nothing offered more entertaining, Lady Newenden objected not to the ſcheme which her father was ſo eager to promote. She even aſked Ethelinde and Colonel Cheſterville to delay their journey till they could all go together, and preſſed Davenant to accompany them. Mr. and Mrs. Maltravers propoſed alſo to be of the party; and at their requeſt the little Newendens were to go with their parents. The journey was now fixed for the following Friday, and every body ſeemed contented with it but Ethelinde, who equally diſliked being carried where Davenant was to go, and where ſhe ſhould be precluded from the poſſibility of ſeeing Montgomery, if he ſhould arrive in London. But this reluctance ſhe dared not communicate; and attempted by forced chearfulneſs, and aſſumed ſmiles, to hide from the view of

others,

others, particularly from that of her father, the little delight that any party, however pleaſurable, was now capable of affording her.

The day before that fixed for their departure, Colonel Cheſterville received a note as he was ſitting after dinner; and was told by the ſervant who brought it in that a meſſenger from London waited for an anſwer. He opened, and read it; then giving it to his daughter, ſaid—"Ethy, my love, it is rather to you than to me, ſince the young man who writes it is rather your acquaintance than mine."

Ethelinde changed colour, and with trembling hands read the letter, which was to this effect.

"Sir,

"The ſon of that Montgomery who once owed his life to your generoſity, has now an opportunity of paying his reſpects to the preſerver of his father; and will be moſt happy if you will allow him

to

to wait on you any day this week on which you may be diſengaged. Allow me to offer my compliments to Miſs Cheſterville, and the honor of remaining,

" Sir,

" your moſt obedient humble ſervant,

" Charles Archibald Montgomery."

Oct. 27, 17—.

The emotion with which Ethelinde read this, was too violent to be concealed. Her faded cheek glowed for a moment, and then grew paler than before. Without ſpeaking, ſhe returned it to her father; who unſuſpecting her partiality, aſked her what anſwer he ſhould ſend? " I ſhould be very glad," added he, " to ſee the young man. I loved his father, and admired and reſpected his mother, and am much obliged to him. It is unfortunate that I ſhould be from London."

Sir Edward, who gueſſed by the tremor into which the receipt of this letter had thrown

thrown Ethelinde, that it came from Montgomery, wiſhed for her ſake (as he believed) that every future interview might be avoided with a a man whoſe circumſtances made the ſucceſs of his pretenſions to her ſo impoſſible, and he fancied that he was willing to ſave her from the pain of an hopeleſs paſſion—pain of which he was himſelf too conſcious to make this deſign appear even to his own heart quite diſintereſted, though he endeavoured to perſuade himſelf that he ſought only the welfare of a beloved object.

Colonel Cheſterville however, who knew nothing of this internal conflict, ſaid after a moment's conſideration—"Sir Edward, will you and Lady Newenden permit me to aſk Mr. Montgomery hither. To a young man, the diſtance will be nothing, and I own I ſhould be ſorry not to ſee him, though it is hardly poſſible for me to go to London before we begin our journey."

"Pray, Sir," replied Lady Newenden, with

with more than her uſual civility, "invite him hither whenſoever you pleaſe, if you mean the Montgomery we ſaw at Graſmere: we are, you know, alſo his acquaintance, and can have no objection to his viſit here."

"I conclude, Sir Edward, that I have your leave, ſaid the Colonel," riſing from table. "You will therefore permit me to ſtep into your ſtudy to anſwer this, and to appoint to-morrow for ſeeing him here."

The ladies now leaving the room, Ethelinde retired to her own with ſpirits ſo fluttered that ſhe could hardly breathe. To the emotion which the thoughts of ſeeing Montgomery gave her, was added that which aroſe from her obſervations on Sir Edward's behaviour, who had watched her looks while ſhe read the note, changed countenance at her father's requeſt, and had given no encouragement to the invitation ſent to Montgomery. "He knows then," ſaid ſhe, "the weakneſs of this

this poor heart. He knows and condemns it. At Graſmere I recollect a thouſand circumſtances that aſſure me he then ſuſpected it, though he has ſince carefully avoided the ſubject. He muſt think me an unhappy romantic creature, caught by mere perſonal beauty. He muſt deſpiſe me, for he has never converſed with Montgomery."

Solicitous to conceal an inclination which, ſhe was compelled to own to herſelf, her ſlight knowledge of Montgomery hardly authorized, ſhe determined to behave ſo as to give no reaſon for further ſuſpicions on the part of Sir Edward, or to awaken them in that of her father. But then the idea of Montgomery, dejected by her coldneſs, depreſſed by receiving mere common civility where he had too much reaſon to expect the tendereſt friendſhip, ſtruck her imagination; and ſhe dreaded leaſt her reſolution ſhould be unequal to the painful taſk of mortifying with repulſive coldneſs him to whom her heart was irrevocably

irrevocably though perhaps indiſcreetly given. Fortunately Davenant did not dine at Denham, but was gone to meet a party of friends at Salt Hill, with whom he was to ſtay till the day appointed for their proceeding all together to Briſtol. Ethelinde had always perceived more of mortified pride than of love in his addreſs to her. Having been once perſuaded by Lord Danesforte to become a candidate for her favour, he was piqued to ſee that Montgomery, a northern peaſant, as he inſolently called him, was preferred to himſelf, who poſſeſſed ſo large a fortune; and he purſued Ethelinde rather to ſhew the ſuperior claim to conſideration which he ſuppoſed that fortune gave him, than becauſe he felt for her any real preference. When this deſpiſed competitor appeared no longer, he ſhewed very little recollection of his former propoſal, except reſentment that they were not received with the gratitude they merited: but Ethelinde feared that Montgomery, by now

now following her to London, and by his viſit at Denham, would again urge the narrow ſpirit of Davenant to preſs on her the pre-eminence of riches; and that ſituated as ſhe was, her father, though the tendereſt and beſt of parents, would conſider it as a point of duty to influence her acceptance of a man whoſe ample fortune would place her above all thoſe inconveniences that ſhe was even now in ſome degree expoſed to; but which would probably become actual indigence, if ſhe ſhould be deprived by death of her father's protection. Feeble as her frame was in conſequence of her long illneſs, it was dreadfully ſhaken by theſe reflections. The painful pleaſure of ſeeing Montgomery, and a thouſand wild conjectures whether his viſit was merely to ſee her again or to offer propoſals, which ſhe knew too well muſt be fruitleſs, kept her ſpirits in continual agitation, and a night ſo paſſed contributed but little to amend her looks, which ſhe was conſcious were ſo unlike

thoſe ſhe wore at Graſmere Abbey, that as ſhe looked in her glaſs ſhe doubted whether the meditated viſit of Montgomery might not relieve him from his unfortunate paſſion by the mournful alteration of its object.

CHAP.

CHAPTER III.

OVerpowered by oppreſſive ſenſations, Ethelinde prepared the next day to meet Montgomery: ſometimes determining to receive him with ſo much apparent indifference as to convince him ſhe repented of the imprudent half avowal ſhe had made; and ſometimes melting into the tendereſt compaſſion, and relinquiſhing all pretenſions to that diſcretion, which could be exerted only by giving him pain.

She wandered round the gardens, and about the houſe, liſtening to every noiſe; and now ſent anxious enquiries over the paling that bounded the pleaſure ground near the road; now walked into the hall, and looked towards the entrance; wiſhing yet fearing to ſee him; ſometimes dreading leaſt he ſhould be unable to come ſo far from London on account of other engagements

ments, and at others feeling half angry that at near one o'clock he was not yet arrived; though her father in his note had named the morning as the moſt commodious time.

In the midſt of this ſuſpenſe Lord Danesforte, in his phaeton and four, drove up to the door. Lady Newenden was not yet viſible; remaining long in her own apartment on account of her indiſpoſition; and though he was not unfrequently admitted there, he now ſauntered into the garden, where perceiving Ethelinde, he came forward in his aſſured way to meet her. She attempted, but vainly, to avoid him; he took her hand, and ſtaring confidently in her face, cried—"Are the roſes ſtill abſent from thoſe lovely cheeks? Haſten, my charming Ethelinde, to regain them; and ſhew what it is to rival with genuine beauty, the poor copyiſts who are compelled to have recourſe to art."

She ſtruggled to get her hand from him: but he held it faſt; and as ſhe gave no anſwer to his compliment, went on.—

"I believe

"I believe upon my ſoul that the fates intended me a favour when they robbed you of your bloom. You were too enchanting with all your blazing attractions; but as the devil will have it, you are only grown more bewitching by your illneſs.—You then dazzled my eyes, and took my heart by ſtorm; now, you ſteal upon it with ſuch languid lovelineſs, that I am ready to die at your feet."

Ethelinde had often attempted to repulſe with unfeigned coldneſs and diſlike, the troubleſome and fulſome compliments with which Lord Danesforte perſecuted her whenever they were alone: ſhe now felt, in addition to her natural diſlike of him, redoubled impatience, leaſt her meeting with Montgomery ſhould be interrupted by his intruſion. "I beg," replied ſhe, "your Lordſhip will releaſe me. Theſe ſort of ſpeeches are ſo common, that they are much beneath you to utter; and ſo extravagant, that they are diſguſting to me to hear."

"Upon my ſoul they are not compliments,

ments, but what I really think. Do you ſuppoſe I ſhould paſs ſo much of my time here, you little enchantreſs, were it not for the pleaſure of being with you?"

"Really, my Lord, I never conſidered your motives, and I muſt entreat your Lordſhip to think better of my underſtanding than to ſuppoſe I can liſten without pain to ſuch diſcourſe."

"You liſten, however, not only without pain, but with pleaſure, to Sir Edward Newenden, though he is a married man."

"What does your Lordſhip mean?"

"I mean, that you are vaſtly too charming to be ſeen with impunity even by the moral, the married Sir Edward; and that he is too agreeable, too intereſting, to leave a fair chance of ſucceſs either to poor Davenant or to others, who, did they not ſee ſuch a prepoſſeſſion, might be tempted to throw themſelves and their fortune at your feet."

"Good God!" exclaimed Ethelinde, burſting into tears, "what have I done to provoke

provoke this inſult? and what, to give riſe to ſuſpicions ſo cruel, ſo injurious? Leave me, Sir—I beg you will leave me. I muſt quit the houſe if ſuch ideas are entertained as may make my ſtay in it deſtructive to the peace of Lady Newenden. But ſuffer me, my Lord, to ſay, that only a heart the moſt depraved could conceive them—only a ſpirit the moſt cruel and malignant give them utterance."

"My ſweet weeping marble!" reſumed he, again ſeizing her reluctant hand, "now might that fine formed head ſerve as a model to a ſtatuary. Don't alarm yourſelf about the peace of your couſin; for to my certain knowledge her peace is out of the reach of any ſuch trifling accidents. Why ſuppoſe Sir Edward *is* in love with you, you are not to blame."

"In love with me?" ſaid Ethelinde indignantly.

"Abſolutely in love with you. Do you think I did not ſee it at Graſmere Abbey?

Do you think every body did not ſee it when you met with that accident?"

"Cruel—cruel," cried Ethelinde, "that friendſhip ſo diſintereſted, ſo brotherly as his, ſhould call forth ſuſpicions ſo injurious, ſo inhuman. My Lord, you muſt allow me to repeat to my father, what you have ſaid, that he may at once and for ever remove me from a family where I am liable to them."

"Ridiculous! What would you tell your father?—that I ſuſpect, nay that I know Sir Edward prefers you to all women: and is the Colonel to call me to an account for the aſſertion, or Sir Edward for the involuntary treſpaſs?"

"Neither, my Lord," anſwered ſhe, trembling at the queſtion; "and perhaps I was wrong to think of troubling him on a matter which I ſtill hope your Lordſhip ſpoke of only in raillery. Be ſo good as to forbear naming it again, and I will endeavour to forget that you have named it at all."

"Bribe

"Bribe me to ſilence, then, or I do not promiſe it," ſaid he, rudely kiſſing her. She endeavoured to diſengage herſelf; and ready to faint through weakneſs, terror and vexation, ſhe haſtened into the houſe as ſoon as ſhe could effect it. As ſhe entered the hall from the garden, Montgomery came in at the oppoſite door. He advanced eagerly yet reſpectfully towards her: but her wan countenance, the tears that were in her eyes, and the agitation in which ſhe appeared, ſtruck him with aſtoniſhment and terror. The ſight of him helped to overcome her, and ſhe ſat down in one of the hall chairs, faint and breathleſs, unable for ſome moments to anſwer the enquiries he made, with a faultering voice and eyes expreſſive of the tendereſt concern; adding, "I am afraid I do not ſee Miſs Cheſterville in her uſual health?"

Ethelinde, ſtruggling to conquer her confuſion, anſwered that ſhe *had* been ill, but was now much better. Her voice was however ſo low and tremulous, that it could

hardly be heard: and on the appearance of a ſervant ſhe with difficulty aroſe, and deſiring him to let Colonel Cheſterville know that Mr. Montgomery was arrived, ſhe led the way into one of the parlours; where, being again ſeated, ſhe acquired courage to aſk him after his mother.

"I left her well; and brought from her a thouſand wiſhes and compliments to Miſs Cheſterville; whoſe enchanting ſociety ſhe almoſt regrets having taſted, ſince ſhe muſt hope for it no more. Had it been poſſible for her to have come to London ——

"And was it *not* poſſible?"

"Ah, no!" anſwered Montgomery in a mournful voice. "It was with difficulty that I could come myſelf. But my mother, ever generous and attentive, is anxious that I may make one more effort on the recollection of thoſe whoſe promiſes induced us to quit France. And—dare I own, that —her conſent—her wiſhes—were added to the invincible inclination I felt to pay my reſpects

reſpects to Colonel Cheſterville; and to renew an acquaintance with you, Madam, which has formed, ſince its firſt commencement, the happineſs and torment of my life."

"I will not," replied Ethelinde, "affect to miſunderſtand you, Sir: but I beſeech you, if any unfortunate prepoſſeſſion remains, try rather to conquer than to indulge it. I am in a few days going to Briſtol with Lady Newenden. We ſhall probably meet no more. Purſue your fortune, and may ſucceſs, may happineſs attend you! The remembrance of *me* can ſerve only to retard your progreſs, and repreſs your military ardour: and though I own I ſhould be hurt to ſuppoſe that you forget me, yet I would willingly ſacrifice the gratification of my own vanity and ſelf-love to your tranquillity: and as it is impoſſible———"

"What is impoſſible?" exclaimed Montgomery eagerly—"what is impoſſible to the man who adores *you*? It is true, I

have now nothing! But were I aſſured that you yet feel for me any of that generous pity which you once expreſſed, difficulty and danger would vaniſh before the inſpiration of ſuch hope, and I would directly embrace that line in which I have the earlieſt proſpect of ſucceſs. I will enter into the ſervice of the Eaſt India Company, and embark with the troops now preparing for India. I have expectations of preferment already. I am not without hope that Mr. Cheſterville or Sir Edward Newenden may ſtrengthen thoſe expectations; at leaſt I ſhall not fail to aſk them, however reluctantly I aſk favors, if you do not forbid me."

Montgomery had hardly, in an hurried but vehement manner, finiſhed this ſentence, when Colonel Cheſterville entered. His daughter with the utmoſt difficulty commanded her voice enough to introduce him. The Colonel received him with the warmeſt expreſſions of friendſhip, and ſeemed extremely pleaſed with his addreſs and appearance. Montgomery, with as much

much modeſty as if he had never before quitted his northern retirement, yet with as much eaſe as if he had been always an inhabitant of the great world, received his politeneſs; and Sir Edward ſoon after entering, Mr. Cheſterville taking Montgomery by the hand, deſired Sir Edward to conſider him as a friend of his own, as the repreſentative of that Mr. Montgomery for whom he had formerly ſo ſincere a regard. Sir Edward received him with politeneſs, complimented him on the circumſtance of their former acquaintance; and though Ethelinde obſerved not that generous warmth with which he met thoſe to whom he was partial, yet he invited him to dinner, and ſeemed involuntarily pleaſed with him. The converſation ſoon becoming general among the three gentlemen, ſhe took the opportunity to withdraw to her own room.

The preſumptuous behaviour of Lord Danesforte, and the ſuſpicions he had ſo openly avowed in regard to Sir Edward,

ſhocked and alarmed her. She now remembered numberleſs inſinuations which had before fallen from him, and was afraid that he had not confined theſe unworthy ſuppoſitions to his own breaſt, but had diſcloſed them to Lady Newenden. Yet of late her Ladyſhip had been leſs cold and haughty than uſual towards her; and in better humour than ſince her journey into the north. Ethelinde dared not ſuffer her mind to glance towards the viſible partiality of her couſin for Lord Danesforte. Yet in deſpite of her natural candour, ſhe could not but conſider an intimacy with a man of ſuch a character, as improper for the mother of a family, for her in whoſe hands were intruſted the honor and happineſs of Sir Edward Newenden. Lord Danesforte intended ſhe found to join the Briſtol party; and ſhe dreaded being frequently liable to hear converſation, the impertinence of which her diſpleaſure ſeemed incapable of repreſſing; and which ſhe dared not openly reſent,

reſent, leaſt her father or Sir Edward ſhould be embroiled with this unprincipled and raſh man, whoſe fortune and rank had impreſſed him with an idea that he might do any thing with impunity.

Her father's immediate difficulties had been relieved by the generous friendſhip of Sir Edward, but the weight on his mind had only been transferred. He was before harraſſed by the importunity of his creditors; he now ſunk under the ſenſe of obligation too great to be repaid. Sir Edward was the moſt generous of men; but Colonel Cheſterville had been uſed to confer rather than to receive favours, and his independant ſpirit ſhrunk from the painful recollection of ſo large a debt. Ethelinde ſaw with concern his uneaſineſs, and that his ſtate of mind, uſually melancholy, yielded now to hopeleſs dejection: he was kept only by his tenderneſs for her from giving up every thing, and hiding himſelf

in another country or in the grave. His ſon had not written to him; and whenever Ethelinde looked that way, a dark and portentuous cloud ſeemed to hang over her fate in regard to her brother, which redoubled the pain of her actual ſituation; and now the appearance of Montgomery, the irreſiſtible partiality ſhe felt for him, the imprudence of her indulging it, and the impoſſibility of their ever being united, ſeemed to add to the poignancy and variety of the diſtreſſes which at once aſſaulted her heart.

Her health was yet far from being re-eſtabliſhed; and the ſufferings of her mind encreaſing her weakneſs, ſhe with much difficulty acquired reſolution to appear at dinner. Lord Danesforte and ſeveral others who came to take leave of Lady Newenden were there; and Montgomery was hardly noticed among the croud, except by Sir Edward and Colonel Cheſterville. His figure however was ſo ſtriking, that the ſtrangers enquired of each other

other who he was; but learning that he was a young man from the north whom nobody knew, he was ſuffered to remain unnoticed. The dinner was a cruel trial to Ethelinde. Once or twice ſhe ventured to ſteal a look at Montgomery, then glancing her eyes towards Sir Edward, ſhe found his fixed upon her with a look of enquiry ſo penetrating that bluſhes immediately dyed her cheeks, and ſhe would moſt willingly have concealed herſelf in her own room, fearing every moment leaſt her encreaſed emotion ſhould betray her. At length the tedious dinner was at an end: ſhe withdrew with the ladies; and being long accuſtomed to appear or diſappear without being remarked by her couſin, ſhe ſeized on the firſt moment it was poſſible to retire, and indulge her reflections in ſolitude. She could not forbear however going to the window to watch if Montgomery departed. She knew that he muſt return to town that evening; in

two days they were to go to Briſtol; ſhe ſhould therefore never ſee him more—never again behold him; and her heart ſickened at the idea of paſſing a life that without him muſt be a blank. His wild project of making a fortune that might entitle him to pretend to her, of which he had given her an haſty ſketch, afforded her no conſolation; every proſpect before her was dreary; and as ſhe ſat at the window liſtening to every noiſe and watching every light that moved in the diſtant ſtables, of which ſhe had a view from her windows, the world ſeemed to offer nothing to her reflection but pain, mortification and diſappointment. From this gloomy reverie ſhe was awakened by a ſummons to tea. The hope that Montgomery was not yet gone, made her conquer her reluctance to appear below. She went down therefore, and found in the drawing room various groups aſſembled in different parties of converſation; but neither her father or Montgomery

mery were among them. A new alarm now found its way to her thoughts. High ſpirited, ſanguine, and conſcious of his noble birth, Montgomery might perhaps impart his impoſſible project to her father. He might even ſay that that project was not diſapproved by her. This idea ſo ſtrongly agitated her mind when ſhe began to make the tea, that it was with the utmoſt difficulty ſhe ſent it round the firſt time. But after almoſt half an hour, ſeeing that they did not appear, and having been told on enquiry that the Colonel was buſy with Mr. Montgomery in Sir Edward's library, her courage and preſence of mind could hold out no longer; and having filled the cups with hot water, and poured the cream into the ſugar baſon, her confuſion became ſo viſible to Sir Edward, whoſe eyes were never long diverted from her, that he approached, and aſked her in great concern if ſhe was ill?

"I am indeed," ſaid ſhe, "ſo ill from

from the heat of the room that I muſt beg Lady Newenden to excuſe me."

She haſtily roſe, and Sir Edward took her hand, and led her towards the door. She trembled, and only by an effort reached it. "Good God," cried he as he ſupported her, "what is the matter? how long has this been?"

"Aſk me not," anſwered ſhe as ſhe got to the door, nor give yourſelf any trouble about me. I am merely weak and low."

"Weak and low!" exclaimed he as they reached together the bottom of the ſtairs. "You are not able to walk.—Lean on me—let me aſſiſt you to your room."

At that moment all that Lord Danesforte had been ſaying to her in the morning ruſhing in her memory, ſhe cried—"No, Sir Edward, I earneſtly entreat you will not. I am very well able to walk—indeed I am."

"You earneſtly beg I will not! Is it indeed

deed thus, Ethelinde?" Montgomery, and her partiality for him forcibly ſtruck him, and he fancied her rejection of his own ſervices aroſe from her partial fondneſs to her fortunate lover. Then recollecting that he had no right to blame her, if it was ſo, he checked the ſudden anger he felt, and bowing, left her ſaying—"I hope, however you will ſoon be better."

Inſtead of returning to the company, he went to his own dreſſing room, to recover his ſerenity and call himſelf anew to an account for his unhappy and criminal paſſion; which every day encreaſed, and which he every day attempted to conquer, but which all his efforts ſerved only to render more incurable. He was very little aware of the uſe that was made of his abſence. Lord Danesforte, who had by the moſt inſidious, and almoſt imperceptible degrees poſſeſſed himſelf of the confidence of Lady Newenden, had artfully encreaſed in her mind thoſe ſuſpicions of her huſband's

band's fondneſs for Ethelinde, which had originated at Graſmere; but the anger and diſdain which they might have excited, and which would have broken out in a way that would have obliged Ethelinde to have left the houſe, (a circumſtance his Lordſhip by no means deſired) had been ſo artfully counteracted by oblique yet unequivocal declarations of his own devoted attachment, that her Ladyſhip felt as much pity as anger towards man who could for ſo inferior a being as Ethelinde neglect for a moment a woman whom Lord Danesforte declared to be, in face and in figure as well as in every perfection of mind, the firſt of created beings.

A few days ſtudy had made him maſter of her character, and he was now able to guide at his pleaſure that capricious temper which had never yet ſubmitted to the dictates of another. But ſhe was herſelf ſo far from being conſcious of his power over her, that ſhe fancied he lived only to admire

and

and obey her; and ſhe triumphed in being able with an unſullied character to bear away from the unmarried of the faſhionable world, him, whoſe notice would have exalted into pre-eminent faſhion the vaineſt among them.

"Ethelinde is ill," ſaid his Lordſhip, "and Sir Edward is gone out to take care of her."

"Sir Edward is extremely kind," ſcornfully anſwered Lady Newenden; "and if he could cure Ethelinde of ſuch extreme affectation his aſſiduity would really be ſerviceable to her family to which it is a great nuiſance. Somebody—Sir Edward himſelf, I ſuppoſe, has ſaid that that elegant languor becomes her features; and ſince ſhe has heard ſo, ſhe diſdains the appearance of health, and will hardly make uſe of her limbs."

This ungenerous and cruel reflection, Lord Danesforte anſwered only by a ſmile which ſignified at once approbation and aſſent. He ſaw that the bitterneſs

which

which Lady Newenden had harboured againſt Ethelinde, was not the leſs likely to anſwer his purpoſe by being mingled with contempt, which prevented her from declaring openly the jealouſy ſhe felt, but which ſhe was aſhamed of ſuffering to appear towards an object whom ſhe had always affected to conſider as ſo very inferior.

He never openly declared his ſuſpicions of that paſſion which he believed Sir Edward to have; but by diſtant hints and ſignificant looks had more forcibly impreſſed it on the mind of Lady Newenden: at the ſame time intimating, that the dignity of her own character required that ſhe ſhould neither notice or reſent it; and that it was exaltation of ſpirit to let Ethelinde remain in the houſe without notice or reſentment.

By converſation of a ſtill more dangerous tendency he imperceptibly eraſed from her feeble underſtanding thoſe principles which ſhould have ſecured her inviolable tenderneſs to her huſband, and that

that true greatneſs of mind which ought to have made her the protectreſs of her couſin's character, and to have excited reſentment on any attempt to prejudice her againſt Sir Edward. Having once carried thoſe points, he knew he might with impunity preſume to propoſe to her any deviation from rectitude which his own diſſolute morals might induce him to ſuggeſt. Her perſon had at firſt been indifferent to him; but as his project of gaining Ethelinde had advanced but little ſince he had firſt imagined it, and as in its purſuit he had gained ſo many advantages over the judgment and affections of Lady Newenden, he had now no inclination to recede, and ſcrupled not to add the deſtruction of Sir Edward's honour and happineſs to that of the numerous trophies in the ſame way which he had already obtained.

Still, however, he made his approaches ſo gradually, threw into his manner ſo much of the undeſigning eaſe which exiſts among people of the ſame rank, and ſo carefully

carefully avoided before him any appearance of an unwarrantable attachment to his wife, that Sir Edward, naturally candid and unſuſpicious, felt no alarm; and though he had no particular friendſhip or eſteem for Lord Danesforte, he was not uneaſy at the frequency or length of his viſits, ſince they ſeemed agreeable to Lady Newenden, and were never particular, becauſe the houſe was generally filled with other parties, who lived in it in equal freedom. Poſſibly the paſſion prevailing in his own mind prevented his ſcrutinizing too narrowly what paſſed in the minds of others. Lady Newenden had long ſince ceaſed to impreſs him with that idea of perfection which he had firſt fondly cheriſhed: his ſcheme of domeſtic felicity, the "life of reaſon," which he hoped to have paſſed, had vaniſhed; and having no taſte for what his wife had ſubſtituted, his mind had unhappily found for itſelf another occupation, and was now employed in contemplating the lovelineſs of Ethelinde in perſon

perſon and in mind, and in ſtudying to contribute to her happineſs while he deſpaired of his own.

In about half an hour Sir Edward returned to the drawing room, and found there Colonel Cheſterville, whoſe looks intimated that ſome extraordinary occurrence had agitated his mind. Sir Edward knew that he had, at Montgomery's requeſt, withdrawn with him; and the ſubject of their conference darted into his mind, and gave him the moſt uneaſy ſenſation he had ever felt: for though he had in ſome degree encouraged Davenant when he fancied it was for the intereſt of Ethelinde to marry him, he found that a lover whom ſhe approved would appear to him in a very different light; and though he dared not aſk more than her friendſhip, he felt that he ſhould be unable to ſee another avowedly in poſſeſſion of her love.

The painful ſuſpenſe he was in, was ſoon put an end to: Colonel Cheſterville requeſted to ſpeak to him in his ſtudy; and there

there in great emotion related to him the converſation which he had held with Montgomery.

"I was far from being aware, my dear Sir Edward," ſaid he, "of the purport of Montgomery's viſit; and though I tremble for the conſequence of it on my daughter, for I fear he is not indifferent to her; while I feel with renewed bitterneſs the injury I have done her in depriving her of the fortune I might have preſerved for her, I cannot blame the young man; I cannot help reverencing his open and manly conduct. He has told me that he loves, that he adores Ethelinde; that he has ſaid ſo to her, and ſhe has heard it without diſpleaſure: but having nothing to expect but the reverſion of a very ſmall fortune after the death of his mother, whom he deſcribes as the beſt of parents and whoſe life is as dear to him as his own, he dares not think of now aſpiring to an alliance with my daughter: all, therefore, he has to aſk of me is, whether I will refuſe him permiſſion to

to conſider himſelf as making an effort in life, not merely to poſſeſs himſelf of affluence, but to obtain ſuch a fortune as may give him that hope to which he now preſumes not to raiſe his eyes. 'Believe me, Colonel,' ſaid he, 'that was I poſſeſſed of millions, it is a connection which I ſhould glory in forming. But I have nothing; and ſo little value have pecuniary poſſeſſions hitherto had in my eyes, that I ſhould probably have continued moſt contented in that obſcurity in which concurring circumſtances had placed me, had I never ſeen your angelic daughter. She has awakened in my ſoul that ambition which had long been dormant; and I feel animated with new life when I feel that it may poſſibly be paſſed in rendering myſelf worthy of *her*. But miſunderſtand me not: I mean not to bind her; I requeſt no engagement, no promiſe, and I would ſcorn to ſully the lovely purity of her gentle and ingenuous mind, by aſking of her to encourage my hopes clandeſtinely: therefore it is, that finding the

the happineſs of my whole life depending on her; being convinced, after a long ſtruggle, that the impreſſion ſhe had made on my heart was deciſive of my deſtiny, I came hither; I open that heart to you without reſerve; and truſt to the noble and candid ſpirit of a ſoldier and a man of honour, to ſee my conduct in its true light.' What," continued Colonel Cheſterville, "what could I ſay to this romantic but intereſting boy? Though I liſtened to him with pain, I could not with diſpleaſure: his father ſeemed to be reſtored again to life, and to be preſent before me. Yet how could I encourage a purſuit ſo wild, ſo extravagant, which may embitter the life of my poor Ethelinde by a hopeleſs paſſion. It is madneſs to think of it."

"And what then did you ſay to him?" enquired Sir Edward.

"What *could* I ſay to him?" replied the Colonel. "His family is not only unexceptionable, but illuſtrious. His grandfather, by a political error only, loſt one of

of thoſe titles which have long been in it, and which is now gone to a more diſtant branch. His perſon is ſuch as I ſuppoſe no woman can behold without acknowledging its ſuperior beauty. In his openneſs of heart, in that proper courage which makes him, though ſo long loſt in indigence and obſcurity, fearleſsly ſpeak to a fellow creature; in that candour which forbids his uſing a deception, even to gain the point on which his happineſs depends; I find much, which while I cannot but approve and admire myſelf, makes me tremble for Ethelinde; who has exactly that mind and that heart which generoſity, courage, and candour, muſt deeply affect. Yet nothing is more romantic than his hopes, nothing more impoſſible than their union! Had Ethelinde a fortune?"——

"You would not heſitate?"

"Not a moment—if ſhe thinks of this young man as I believe ſhe *muſt* do."

"And what are theſe projects of his for acquiring a fortune?"

"Such as I cannot believe he will ſucceed in—He propoſes going to India."

"As a ſoldier? Will that be conſiſtent with ſuch principles as he profeſſes; at leaſt if the ideas are juſt which we Europeans entertain of the means by which fortunes are in that line accumulated?"

"I told him it was inconſiſtent with his feelings, with his principles; but he fancies, with the warm enthuſiaſm of his age, that he can preſerve his integrity amidſt temptations the moſt powerful; and acquire opulence, not by being the plunderer but the protector of the people among whom he propoſes ſerving."

"And with what anſwer, my dear Colonel, have you at length diſmiſſed him?"

"I objected, I remonſtrated againſt his attaching himſelf to my daughter. I repreſented that ſhe was now without fortune; that my death would very little enrich her; that by my having married at a period as early as his preſent age, my children were grown up while I was yet but in the

the middle of life; that therefore the little ſhe could ever claim, ſhe might not for years poſſeſs, and that he certainly had too much generoſity to wiſh to engage the affections of Ethelinde on a remote hope that the impediments between them might be removed: and that though I wiſhed him in his purſuit all the ſucceſs his merit deſerved, I could not think of entering into any promiſe that Ethelinde ſhould, in the event, be his. He declared that he expected no ſuch promiſe. All he deſired was my aſſurance that whenever he had a fortune, acquired with honour, I ſhould not on any other account object to him: then, without waiting for me to form an anſwer to a propoſal ſo eccentric, he departed, deſiring to leave his compliments for you, and my permiſſion to breakfaſt here to-morrow. He is gone to-night to Windſor."

"I am afraid," ſaid Sir Edward, heſitating, "that in the ſtate of health Ethelinde is in at preſent, this may greatly in-

jure her. Unleſs Montgomery had been convinced that ſhe did not diſapprove his opening his mind to you, I cannot ſuppoſe he would have done it; yet ſurely ſhe has an underſtanding which would prevent her from encouraging a project ſo imprudent, ſo impoſſible!" He could not repreſs his emotion, though too conſcious of its ſource; and without being able to determine on what it would be proper to do to ſtop the progreſs of Montgomery's purſuit, Sir Edward and Colonel Cheſterville parted for the night, equally unhappy.

CHAP.

CHAPTER IV.

ETHELINDE paſſed not her time with more tranquillity. She was obliged to excuſe herſelf from ſupping below; which, as ſhe often did ſo, was the leſs remarkable. The night brought to her no repoſe; or ſuch as was too much broken by uneaſy dreams to afford her any refreſhment. Her father came not up to her room, as he uſually did the preceding evenings; but early the next morning, as ſoon as he heard ſhe was dreſſed, he came into her little dreſſing room, and ſitting down, ſaid with a deep ſigh that he had juſt received a letter from her brother.

"And what, my dear Sir, does it ſay?" eagerly enquired Ethelinde.

He gave it into her hand.

It contained complaints of his unpleaſant ſituation in conſequence of his bills

having been returned; and though he did not actually reproach his father, there was, throughout the letter, a ſtile of impatience and regret, which made the heart of Ethelinde throb with pain as ſhe read it.

"You ſee," ſaid Colonel Cheſterville, after ſhe had run it over—"you ſee, my love, how I am ſituated. The money for theſe bills, you know I have ſince ſent; and have been enabled to do ſo through the generous friendſhip of Sir Edward Newenden: but where—where am I to find money to ſupply new demands? I cannot, I will not again apply to my friend: I am already too much obliged to him: I would I were in my grave; for troubles to which I am unequal multiply around me."

Before the concluſion of this ſpeech, the face of Ethelinde was bathed in tears. "Pray, my dear Sir," ſaid ſhe, ſobbing, "give not way thus to deſpondence. Think, if your melancholy wiſh were fulfilled

filled, what would become of your daughter."

"It is for my daughter that I would live!—and I dare venture yet to hope that my daughter will be my bleſſing."

"Yet to hope!" exclaimed Ethelinde: "has then my father ever doubted that his daughter's endeavours at leaſt have been to contribute to his happineſs?"

"I never have had reaſon a moment to doubt it: and yet—"

"Wherefore do you heſitate, dear Sir?" ſaid the trembling Ethelinde.—"If I have given you a moment's pain, it has been undeſignedly, and I deſire only to repair my fault."

"No, my Ethelinde, thou art incapable I know of giving me pain intentionally. I will be ingenuous with you: Montgomery has opened to me his mind.—He has told me that you do not diſcourage his wiſhes, wild and romantic as they certainly are. His merits I acknowledge; but ſituated as he is in regard to fortune,

ought my dear girl to ſuffer her mind to be influenced to the injury of her peace?"

Though from the opening of this dialogue Ethelinde had ſuſpected to what it would tend, ſhe could with the utmoſt difficulty ſupport herſelf. Pale and trembling, ſhe dared not raiſe her eyes to her father; ſtill leſs dared ſhe own all ſhe felt for Montgomery; yet too ingenuous to deny her preference of him, ſhe remained ſilent, and ſeemed, in breathleſs expectation, to attend to her father's farther pleaſure. He perceived her agitation, and was convinced that Montgomery had not deceived him.

"I will not, my love, diſtreſs you," continued he: "I will leave you now to recollect yourſelf, and in half an hour I will return to know what you would have me ſay. I would have you indeed conſider what I *ought* to ſay to Montgomery, who is to be here at breakfaſt, and who will then expect my anſwer."

"Your

"Your anſwer, dear Sir! What then has he ſaid to you?"

"He wiſhes to be received by me as your lover; and to go to India in the hope, that if he is there ſucceſsful he may on his return receive your hand. I conclude that theſe propoſals were not made to me, till your aſſent to them had been obtained."

"I will not be diſingenuous, Sir. Mr. Montgomery did mention to me yeſterday the viſionary plan he had formed. I thought them ſo entirely chimerical that I gave them no encouragement."

"But tell me, Ethelinde, is your heart free from prepoſſeſſion in favor of this young man?—if it is, he is preſumptuous in proceeding ſo far with me. Nay be not thus diſtreſſed; but conſider me, my love, as one who lives only in the hope of ſeeing you happy. Ethelinde is above diſſimulation; and has not, I truſt, a thought that ſhe ſhould wiſh to conceal from her father."

"I will not, Sir, attempt it," anſwered

the faultering Ethelinde; "but—though I cannot deny that Mr. Montgomery has perhaps been thought of with indiſcreet, with unguarded partiality; though I have not concealed from him the weakneſs for which I have condemned myſelf; yet believe me, deareſt Sir, believe me when I proteſt to you that it ſhall at leaſt never offend you; and that if I cannot conquer it—and indeed I will try—I will at leaſt conceal it, and never voluntarily indulge a wiſh to have any will but yours."

"Good God!" exclaimed Colonel Chefterville, walking in an agony about the room, "I cannot bear this! Ethelinde, have pity on me and on yourſelf! Tell me not of what you will attempt, to make me happy, but rather what I can do to contribute to your felicity. If Montgomery had a competence, and if your heart is irretrievably his, I would not heſitate a moment: but can *I* juſtify it to myſelf to encourage his hopes, ſituated as he now is? can I ſuffer my daughter to engage herſelf

herſelf to a young man, who, whatever may be his merit and his birth, is in other reſpects only an indigent adventurer? Muſt her youth wear away in waiting for his precarious ſucceſs? her health decline in the languor of hope long delayed? and poſſibly, after years ſo paſſed, if indeed her conſtitution enables her ſo to paſs them, may ſhe not fall a victim to the bitterneſs of diſappointment? My deareſt girl, conſider well what it is Montgomery aſks; conſider not only his requeſt, but your own ſituation. If I die—alas! I need not ſay how unhappily deſtitute of fortune you will be. Where will you live?—how be ſupported to attend the return of your lover?"

The tears and ſobs of Ethelinde were now redoubled. To give her feelings utterance was impoſſible; and her father proceeded in a lower and more tremulous tone—

"I did indeed flatter myſelf, that before I died, the merit, the lovelineſs of Ethelinde, would have placed her in the protection

tection of ſome man of honour and of fortune: this unhappy prepoſſeſſion blaſts all my hopes, and I ſhall die doubtful of that my heart moſt ardently wiſhes—the happineſs of my deareſt child: or perhaps more wretched ſtill, I ſhall die in the certainty of her being miſerable. Death will then be indeed terrible!"

Ethelinde now making an effort to ſpeak, ſaid—"Hear me then, Sir—hear me when I ſolemnly declare to you—that—if it will be any ſatisfaction to you I will forbid this unhappy young man to think of me again—I will put an end for ever to thoſe hopes which I ought not to have given him—I will deſire him to tear me from his heart for ever!"

"Not ſo, Ethelinde," anſwered her father, greatly moved—"I expect not a ſacrifice ſo painful. But I would make one requeſt to my daughter; and ſhe muſt, with ſo excellent an underſtanding, ſee the propriety of what I aſk."

"Name your requeſt, Sir, and be it what

what it will, it muſt have with me the force of a command."

"It is then, that you will poſitively promiſe me to enter into no engagement with Montgomery, however he may urge it."

"I give you my word I will not."

"Is it, do you think, proper that you ſhould ſee him at all, ſince he may perhaps preſs you to give him at leaſt more hope than, ſituated as you are, you ought to give him?"

"I will not ſee him Sir," ſaid Ethelinde, in a voice that betrayed the violent ſtruggle ſhe underwent, "if you deſire that I ſhould not." But ſhe had no ſooner uttered theſe words, than her heart rebelling againſt her duty, repreſented the ſorrow, the deſpair of Montgomery; and finding herſelf unequal to the cruelty of inflicting it, ſhe added—"Yet I muſt ſay that I ſhall for the firſt time in my life obey you with reluctance. I am obliged, greatly obliged to Mr. Montgomery. I admire, eſteem,

eſteem, and reverence his mother beyond any human being—and—"

"And you love him!—Ah! my child, I ſee it too plainly. Yet truſting to your underſtanding, to your delicacy, to the promiſe you have given me, I will not preſs you farther; you ſhall act as you pleaſe in regard to ſeeing him; and I will leave you to recollect yourſelf before an interview in which I know the ſoftneſs of your heart will be rectified by reaſon; by regard for my peace and for that of the young man himſelf." Colonel Cheſterville then left the room; and Ethelinde, who had no power to carry on the dialogue, tried to acquire as much ſtrength as he ſeemed to expect ſhe ſhould exert.

While ſhe blamed Montgomery for the haſte in which he had diſcloſed to her father ſchemes ſo little likely to be realized, ſhe was deeply affected by this proof of his warm and ſerious paſſion for her. Far from finding, on examination of her heart, that ſhe had ſtrength enough to reject him, her

her enquiry ſerved only to make her fear, that though ſhe ſhould part with him for ever, it would be impoſſible for her ever to forget him. But to make her father unhappy, by appearing to perſiſt; to ſeem ſo weakly romantic, as to attach herſelf to a young man of whom ſhe could yet know ſo little, and to give up her reaſon to the indulgence of a paſſion ſo imprudent, ſo girliſh, and ſo contrary to her duty?—her pride, her good ſenſe, her tenderneſs towards her father, all forbade it; and for a few moments ſhe thought ſhe could command herſelf enough to repreſent to Montgomery the impoſſibility of their ever being united, and to entreat him to relinquiſh—nay to inſiſt on his relinquiſhing every hope of it: but when ſhe had as ſhe believed brought herſelf to this reſolution, the noiſe of ſome perſons entering the court yard drew her ſuddenly to the window, and ſhe ſaw Montgomery ſpring from his horſe in all the hurry of impatience, and enquiring

enquiring eagerly for Colonel Cheſterville, he haſtened into the houſe.

Her late formed determination was in a moment forgotten. Her heart acknowledged his power over it; and without knowing what ſhe ſhould ſay to him when ſhe met him, ſhe walked about her room, dreading the ſummons to meet him which ſhe every moment expected to receive, yet being ſenſible that if it did not ſoon arrive the violence of her agitation would deprive her of the power to obey it.

Near half an hour was paſſed in this way: then, a ſervant came up with Mr. Montgomery's compliments, and his requeſt to allow him a few moments of her time in the breakfaſt parlour. She had juſt voice enough to enquire whether Colonel Cheſterville was with him? and hearing that he was, ſhe crept with trembling feet down ſtairs, ſtopping ſeveral times to recover her breath and trying to argue herſelf into ſome degree of fortitude to meet what was before her.

CHAP-

CHAPTER V.

ON entering the breakfaſt parlour, Montgomery was ſitting alone by the table, where every thing remained untouched. On the ſight of her he ſtarted up, and flew towards her; but his countenance expreſſed only ſolicitude and pain. He took her hand, led her to a ſeat, and ſat down by her: both ſeemed unable to ſpeak; and their ſilence was broken by a deep drawn ſigh from the almoſt convulſed boſom of Ethelinde. Montgomery, with agitation, the violence of which was encreaſed by his efforts to ſpeak with calmneſs, at length ſaid—"I await my deſtiny from you! I have ventured to ſpeak to your father of hopes which he does not encourage; but if you forbid them not, I will not deſpair!"

"Why *did* you ſpeak to him? Why force

force him to forbid that to which there were always ſo many impediments—but—I know not what I would ſay——"

"Good God! is it poſſible that having once harboured an hope, however remote, I ſhould, without an attempt to realize, reſign it? Say only that you repent having given it, that I have forfeited all pretenſions to that generous pity which you once deigned to afford me, and that it will contribute to your peace, to know that I drag on, in hopeleſs wretchedneſs, a life which from that moment will have loſt all its value."

"That it would contribute to *my* peace to ſee you wretched! Ah, Montgomery! you know that had we met under more propitious circumſtances, the happineſs of *my* life, for I cannot if I would diſſemble, would have conſiſted ſolely in making you happy; but obſtacles, unconquerable obſtacles, are between us: in attempting to ſurmount them you have precipitated the certainty

of

of their being for ever invincible. My father, the tendereſt of fathers, does you juſtice; and owns that you deſerve a more fortunate lot than it it is poſſible for you, ſituated as I am, to find with me. Go then, Montgomery; forget that we ever met: go; purſue that proſperity which you cannot fail of poſſeſſing."

"And what will proſperity do for me? Alas! if you diſclaim all intereſt in my deſtiny I ſhall grow careleſs of it. Animated by the delicious hope of making myſelf worthy of you, I might realize all the proſpects which I have drawn; but if you thus ſend me from you unheard, unpitied! If I go to be forgotten for ever by one of thoſe two beings in whoſe tender remembrance only I wiſh to exiſt; ſhall I have ſpirits to encounter the difficulties before me? Will any thing be worthy of my preſent attention when I know that no part of my future life will be yours."

He ſtopped, from incapacity to proceed.

Ethelinde

Ethelinde was ſilent; for the conflict of her ſoul was too great either for language or for tears.

After pauſing a moment he recovered his voice and went on.

"You are ſo generous as to ſay that had we met under more propitious circumſtances, my happineſs would be yours. Let it be the glory of a paſſion like mine to ſurmount circumſtances. He who is favoured by Ethelinde Cheſterville, ſhould be more than mortal, and for ſuch a prize—oh! what ſpirit of enterprize might it not awaken in the calmeſt breaſt? In mine, ſhould it not produce all that ſhall enable me to forget difficulty and danger. I feel a conviction that I ſhall repair the caprice of fortune if I go out with the hope of removing the cruel obſtacle between us. Or if I fail, the remembrance of your pity, of your tenderneſs, and the certainty of being remembered by you, will make death itſelf infinitely happier than, without that hope

hope, it is poſſible for me to find the moſt proſperous life."

"But who," ſaid Ethelinde, collecting all the reſolution ſhe could to recal him from this wild effuſion, "who ſhall teach your mother to be reconciled to your departure; and if you fail, who ſhall conſole her for the loſs of her only ſon?"

"You know not, my Ethelinde," anſwered he, "the fortitude of ſoul which that dear mother poſſeſſes. With the ſofteſt ſenſibility, ſhe blends the moſt heroic courage. It is true, that till ſhe had ſeen and converſed with you, I was the only object of her fondneſs; yet ſhe kept me not with her to indulge a weak parental fondneſs, but becauſe nothing offered which I could with honor or indeed with advantage accept: but when ſhe beheld you; and learned that the perfections which had attracted her tendereſt eſteem, had made an impreſſion never to be eraſed on the heart of her ſon, ſhe was too generous to deſire me to linger

linger another moment in the obſcurity where I had long been content, but bade me purſue that road which might raiſe me to affluence, and juſtify as well in fortune as my birth has done in noble blood, my pretenſions to the lovelieſt of human beings."

"There is no perſon on earth," replied the trembling Ethelinde, "whoſe good opinion I ſo eagerly covet. Let me go farther, and ſay that to be related to Mrs. Montgomery would be the moſt deſirable connection the world could offer me; but when her partial opinion of me, and her tenderneſs for you, engaged her to give her ſanction to your wiſhes, ſhe knew not, ſhe could not know the inſuperable objections there are; ſhe could not ſuppoſe that ſhe was embittering the miſery of this impoſſibility, and depriving me of the little fortitude I could perhaps have exerted by ſhewing me all the value of what I might have

have poſſeſſed in acquiring a ſtronger claim on her affection and regard."

The tenderneſs of this ſpeech was ill calculated to reconcile Montgomery to the inevitable neceſſity of their parting for ever, which Ethelinde fancied ſhe was endeavouring to impreſs on his mind.

"Merciful heaven!" exclaimed he; "and is it thus that you would ſubdue my mind to this fancied, this cruel prudence, by ſuch enchanting, ſuch overwhelming ſoftneſs! No, Ethelinde; ſince you deign to own that I am not indifferent to you, I cannot, I will not reſign my hopes. I aſk not to bind you by any promiſe—I only aſk of you not to forbid my loving, my adoring you; becauſe it would be impoſſible for me to obey you. Yes, one other requeſt I have, it is that you will ſuffer me to write to you while I yet remain in England, and will allow my mother to correſpond with you when I am departed."

"I cannot," ſaid Ethelinde, "comply with

with the former requeſt; the latter will be a great pleaſure to me."

"And do you refuſe to receive one letter from me? No, I will not be refuſed. You are going, I find, to Briſtol—going with as large a party as were with you at Graſmere Abbey. Amid ſuch a circle, may I not venture to remind you of the unhappy man who is compelled by his inauſpicious fate to become part of his life an exile, in the hope of rendering ſome future period of it more fortunate? You will not, you cannot deny me ſuch a requeſt; for perhaps—before you return, I may be gone to a region from whence I cannot often importune you."

Tears had been reſtrained by the extreme perturbation of her mind; but melted by the deſpondent tone in which he ſpoke, Ethelinde now gave way to all the melancholy ſoftneſs which oppreſſed her heart. Montgomery, unable to ſuſtain the ſight of her grief, and torn with

with thoſe contending paſſions, which he was from his diſpoſition accuſtomed to feel in all their violence, feared that if he remained he ſhould commit ſome extravagance, and therefore he hurried out of the room, entreating of Ethelinde to compoſe herſelf, and allow him to ſee her again for two minutes only, before he took leave of her.—"I will go," ſaid he, "and try to collect reſolution enough to undergo the moſt inſupportable moment of my life."

Ethelinde ſaw him paſs the window, and go into the garden; and then, feeling herſelf quite unequal to the taſk of bidding him farewell for ever; diſſatisfied with herſelf for the little reſolution ſhe had hitherto ſhewn, and conſcious that every moment ſhe was with him added to the reluctance with which ſhe muſt part from him, ſhe determined to quit the room while ſhe was yet able, and not ſee him again only to renew the mutual agonies of their ſeparation.

She went therefore as well as ſhe was able to her own room. But, when ſhe reflected on what he muſt feel at her refuſing to ſee him again before he departed, ſhe ſummonſed ſtrength enough with trembling hands to ſend down by the ſervant who uſually attended her, the following note.

" Sir,

" After the weakneſs I have betrayed, it were in vain to attempt concealing from you the fatal prepoſſeſſion which prudence, reaſon, and duty equally forbid me to indulge. Since our parting is inevitable, why ſhould we lengthen its pain; and I do intreat you to ſpare me the repetition of a ſcene to which I own myſelf altogether unequal.

" Accept of my trueſt wiſhes for your proſperity, for your happineſs, whereſoever you may be; and believe, that I muſt ever retain a proper ſenſe of the flattering opinion with which you have

honoured

honoured me, as well as of the obligation I owe to you, and to Mrs. Montgomery, whoſe recollection of me will ſtill conſtitute the greateſt part of the ſmall ſhare of happineſs which can now ever be the lot of,

Sir,

Your moſt obedient,

and moſt humble ſervant,

ETHELINDE CHESTERVILLE."

Having ſent down the letter, ſhe waited with trembling anxiety to hear him depart. It was impoſſible for her to remain tranquil; ſhe traverſed the room with haſty ſteps; now watched at the window; now liſtened to the noiſes within the houſe. In a few moments ſhe ſaw her father, who had, to ſhew his perfect reliance on her prudence, been out during their conference, return into the houſe with Sir Edward. She liſtened on the great ſtair caſe that led to the

hall, into which the breakfaſt parlour opened, and diſtinctly heard the Colonel, who had parted from Sir Edward, enter the parlour and ſpeak to Montgomery: but the door was then ſhut, and ſhe could not afterwards diſtinguiſh what was ſaid. So violently was ſhe now affected, that weak as her frame yet was, ſhe had no longer any power to ſtruggle againſt the agitation of her mind; but feeling herſelf very faint, ſhe was compelled to lie down on the bed; and again tried to reconcile herſelf to the idea of having ſeen the laſt of Montgomery.

In about a quarter of an hour, the ſervant who attended her came in to look at the fire. She ſtarted up, and enquired with eagerneſs where her father was, and who he had with him. The maid anſwered that the handſome young gentleman who had breakfaſted there was juſt gone; and that the Colonel was with Sir Edward in his ſtudy.

Montgomery

Montgomery then was gone: gone for ever! She repoſed her head again on her pillow; ſighed from the very bottom of her heart; and without any farther attempt to check the acuteneſs of her grief, was ſatisfied ſhe had acquitted herſelf by the effort ſhe had already made, and with a melancholy and gloomy kind of ſatisfaction gave herſelf up to regret and tears.

Sir Edward, to whom Colonel Cheſterville had communicated what had paſſed with Ethelinde, waited in a ſtate of mind the moſt diſturbed and uneaſy for the reſult of her meeting with Montgomery. He was afraid of aſking himſelf why he ſo earneſtly deſired that ſhe might have ſtrength of mind to diſmiſs him for ever, and aſhamed of the reluctance he felt to acknowledge, that conſidered in every other light than that which related to pecuniary circumſtances, Montgomery was without exception. The noble and candid ſpirit of Sir Edward made him ſe-

dulous to hide, though he could not conquer, the jealouſy which narrowed his heart; and he determined to intereſt himſelf for Montgomery with as much zeal as if he had not dreaded his influence on Ethelinde. Yet he perſuaded himſelf that it was better to limit his ſervices to that line in which Montgomery himſelf ſeemed moſt deſirous to ſucceed; and to apply to Mr. Maltravers for his aſſiſtance in procuring him an appointment to India, perſuaded as he was that neither Ethelinde or her father would think of forming with him any engagement which could be fulfilled only at the remote and uncertain period of his return.

This idea he had communicated to Colonel Cheſterville during their walk, by whom it had been eagerly embraced. On the return of the latter to the parlour where Montgomery was, he was ſtruck with the appearance of the unfortunate young man; who, while his heart refuſed to obey the reaſons Ethelinde had given

given in her note for their meeting no more, yet felt all their juſtice; and though he could not determine to relinquiſh his hopes, dreaded to preſs them on Ethelinde, whoſe health ſeemed already too much ſhaken, and whoſe tenderneſs for him redoubled his love and embittered his deſpair. Colonel Cheſterville, too conſiderate to have forgotten the time when for the mother of Ethelinde he had himſelf hazarded the loſs of fortune and family intereſt, felt more pity than anger; and when Montgomery ſhewed him the note he had received from Ethelinde, and related in animated language what had paſſed, the Colonel found his concern and tenderneſs for both, ſuch as he dared not diſcover to either. He beſought Montgomery therefore not to inſiſt on ſeeing Ethelinde again; repreſented the cruel effects of repeated ſtruggles on a conſtitution ſo weak as her's had long been; and by arguments urged rather as a friend ſolicitous for the true

intereſts of both, than as a father who had a right to be obeyed, he prevailed on Montgomery to leave the houſe at leaſt with ſome apparent compoſure; but he could obtain from him no promiſe that he would forbear to write to Ethelinde; none, that he would for a moment attempt, by the force of reaſon or of deſpair, to wean his mind from the recollection of that preference that alone animated his reſolution, and created the ſpirit of enterprize, by which, with the ſanguine imagination of a young man, he ſtill determined to believe he might at length obtain all his wiſhes.

CHAP.

CHAPTER VI.

WHEN Montgomery was departed, Colonel Chesterville went again to Sir Edward, who waited for him in his study. He related the conversation between Montgomery and his daughter; the note which Ethelinde had sent him; and what had afterwards passed with Montgomery. With mingled pity, sorrow, and vexation, Sir Edward heard the relation: he now felt too certainly what he had hitherto only suspected—that the affections of Ethelinde were fixed on Montgomery; and he saw that her father, moved by his tenderness for her, and his pity and partiality to Montgomery, was doubtful whether he ought to oppose a passion which he could not disapprove, and to the propriety of which only fortune was wanting. The Colonel remembered his own conduct,

and found it difficult to blame that of Montgomery: and naturally of a temper ſomewhat warm and romantic, the military life he had led had added more to his honour than to his prudence. Sir Edward found therefore that a very little encouragement would perſuade him he was acting right in ſuffering his daughter to give herſelf to the man ſhe loved; and that he reproached himſelf with extreme bitterneſs for his own indiſcretion in having deprived her of that fortune, which however ſmall, would have diminiſhed ſomewhat of the extreme indiſcretion ſhe would now commit, in marrying, portionleſs herſelf, a man who had neither income or profeſſion of any kind. In the courſe of his converſation, Colonel Cheſterville had not only dropped enough to convince Sir Edward that ſuch were his feelings, but had touched on the poſſibility of procuring a commiſſion in the Engliſh army for Montgomery, and of the young peoples living with him

till

till they could afford an eſtabliſhment of their own. As theſe were rather hints than propoſals, Sir Edward attempted not to convince him of their impracticability; but contented himſelf for the preſent, with beſeeching him to reflect on Ethelinde's illneſs, and to ſave her as much as poſſible from the repetition of ſcenes likely to encreaſe it. He ſaid that he would conſider of what could be done for Montgomery; and would recommend it to the Colonel to ſuffer nothing to delay the journey to Briſtol; and to ſay as little as poſſible to Ethelinde of Montgomery, but to appear as if he conſidered the affair to be at an end.

The unequivocal marks of friendſhip which Mr. Cheſterville had received from Sir Edward, as well as his exalted underſtanding and excellent heart, gave him great influence; and his preſent advice ſeemed ſo perfectly proper, that the Colonel determined implicitly to follow it. He thought it however better to have

have ſome converſation with Ethelinde before he ſaw her in mixed company, and therefore went to her room, leaving Sir Edward to reflect alone on what he had heard; to call himſelf, as he repeatedly did, to account for an inclination of which he found it impoſſible to diveſt himſelf; and to make new reſolutions in regard to that rectitude of conduct which he determined to obſerve, in ſpite of the whirlwinds of paſſion, which becoming more frequent, ſeemed threatening to overturn the integrity of his upright heart.

Whenever he thus ſcrutinized the internal conflicts with which he was agitated, he believed that by mere dint of reaſon and reſolution he ſhould be able to get the better wholly of a prepoſſeſſion which might be as fatal to the repoſe of its object as it was, and muſt be, to his own happineſs: but whatever fancied ſtrength he acquired in her abſence, he no ſooner ſaw her, no ſooner

heard

heard her ſpeak, or believed either that another would win her, or that ſhe was herſelf unhappy, than all the weakneſs of his ſoul returned; and he again yielded to the predominating influence of a paſſion, now become part of his exiſtence.

Colonel Cheſterville, on his entering the apartment of his daughter, found her at her toilet, where ſhe was adjuſting her hair, and trying to compoſe her looks ſo as to appear at dinner. She had, ever ſince the departure of Montgomery, been trying to conſider him as given up for ever; and to fortify her mind to bear this eternal and inevitable ſeparation, with at leaſt ſo much apparent reſignation as might at once prevent her father from ſuffering by the ſight of her uneaſineſs; and others, who would ridicule her concern, from perceiving it all: flattering herſelf, that by forcing herſelf into company, ſhe ſhould for at leaſt ſome moments of the day be compelled to call

off

off her thoughts from the dangerous object on which they too fondly dwelt. Her heroiſm even went farther; and ſhe thought ſhe could prevail on herſelf to liſten to Davenant, diſagreeable as he had hitherto been to her; not with any intention really to encourage his addreſſes, and with as little to miſlead him by coquetry, but merely with that degree of attention which ſhould eraſe from his mind, and from that of Lord Danesforte, all impreſſions they might have received of her partiality to Montgomery; whoſe name, uttered in a ſort of malicious raillery, as they frequently uttered it, gave her the moſt unpleaſing ſenſations of impatience, and ſometimes of reſentment. Her father, finding her much more tranquil than he had ventured to hope after the ſcene that had paſſed, ſaid very little to her; but taking her hand, and preſſing it to his boſom, he let her ſee how much he thought himſelf obliged to her for this

effort

effort to obey and relieve him. This ſilent acknowledgment affected Ethelinde more than any language could have done. She dared not ſpeak, leaſt the ſubject which ſtill ſo greatly affected her ſhould renew that emotion ſhe had been ſtruggling to ſtifle; but carrying her father's hand to her lips, ſhe kiſſed it; a tear fell upon it; and deep ſobs were burſting from her overcharged heart, when her father, unable to remain with her, broke ſuddenly away and left the room.

In a few minutes, however, ſhe had again argued herſelf into tolerable calmneſs; ſhe finiſhed her dreſs; bathed her eyes, which bore too evidently the marks of tears, with roſe water; and then, that ſhe might not remain a moment alone in her room, was going to walk with the children in the garden; but ſeeing at that moment Sir Edward meet them, ſhe was deterred from executing her intention—for, convinced that he knew

of

of her partiality for Montgomery, and diſapproved of it, ſhe dreaded, in her preſent faultering ſpirits, even the gentle repreſentation which ſhe thought his brotherly tenderneſs might urge him to make of its weakneſs and indiſcretion.

A very numerous party attended Lady Newenden at dinner; a circumſtance now rather pleaſant than otherwiſe to Ethelinde, as ſhe hoped to eſcape unremarked among the croud. The next day they were all to ſet out for Briſtol; and Mr. and Mrs. Maltravers with their ſervants were already arrived. Lord Danesforte, whoſe aſſiduity was almoſt equally divided between Mrs. Maltravers, and her daughter Lady Newenden, was not to go with them, but to join them in a few days; and among other pleaſurable ſchemes propoſed, one was, that the whole party ſhould, as ſoon as her Ladyſhip had received the benefit ſhe expected from the water and change of air, go to the magnificent ſeat of Lord Danesforte near Glouceſter;

Glouceſter; where he propoſed by that time to collect a ſet of theatrical friends:—a ſcheme which appeared ſo pleaſant to Mrs. Maltravers, that ſhe bore better the leſs pleaſant view of getting among Mr. Maltravers relations; one of whom, his elder brother, lived in Somerſetſhire; and his ſiſter, the wife of a very opulent merchant at Briſtol, would of courſe expect ſome notice from ſuch near relations; whoſe figure was too conſpicuous to allow their paſſing any time in the immediate neighbourhood without being well known.

Lady Newenden, too much above the vulgar prejudices of middling life to give much attention to the claims of relationſhip, had made up her mind as to any trouble her uncles, aunts, and couſins, might give her. The amuſements Lord Danesforte had pointed out to her in this tour, had made her ſtill willing to undertake it, when the neceſſity for it exiſted no longer, even in imagination; for

for her Ladyſhip was in truth quite well. Mr. Maltravers, aware that many of his family, and of the acquaintance of his early life, would now be witneſſes of his ſplendour, failed not to direct every preparation oſtentatious vanity dictated; and that his generoſity might in ſome degree keep pace with his magnificence, he preſented to Ethelinde a bank note of an hundred pounds, requeſting of her to expend it in cloaths and ornaments for her appearance at Bath and Briſtol.

Ethelinde, of whom he uſually took no more notice than common civility required, would willingly have declined this preſent; becauſe ſhe neither coveted ornaments, or deſired to be conſidered as meaning to enter into amuſements which her ſtate of health, and ſtill more her ſtate of mind, made her incapable of enjoying: but her father, who thought that ſuch a preſent from a man ſo affluent as Mr. Maltravers to the daughter of his ſiſter, was not an obligation that ought greatly to oppreſs

oppreſs him or Ethelinde, directed her to accept it. Inſtead however of diſpoſing of it in the manner her uncle propoſed, ſhe ſent, before her departure from Denham, fifty pounds to her brother at Gibraltar, without communicating what ſhe had done even to her father.

The day now arrived when they were to begin their journey. It was the third from that on which Montgomery had parted from Ethelinde. Her mind had ſince dwelt on every word that had paſſed; and her memory, faithful to her paſſion, had brought back his tones of voice, his look and attitude, ſo that he was ever preſent to her mind. She was ſure that ſhe had given no ſecond refuſal to his requeſt of being allowed to write to her; and however contrary to the prudent reſolutions ſhe had made as ſoon at he left her, ſhe had almoſt unconſciouſly cheriſhed a latent hope that this letter, half prohibited and yet anxiouſly expected, would arrive. His temper,

per, equally warm and perſevering as his mother had deſcribed it to be, and of which ſhe ſaw ſo much in his application to her father, and in his converſation with her, made her ſuppoſe that he would not eaſily relinquiſh the advantage he had gained in being aſſured of her attachment to him; and while ſhe believed ſhe was doing the utmoſt in her power to ſubmit patiently to a ſeparation ſo neceſſary, ſhe would have been extremely mortified at the certainty that he quietly acquieſced. She determined moſt heroically to ſhew whatever he wrote to her father; but ſtill wiſhed he would write. The inſtant of her departure however came, and nothing arrived from him; a circumſtance which failed not to make yet heavier the oppreſſed heart of Ethelinde, and to add to the fatigue of a journey which ſhe now made with the extremeſt reluctance, reflecting that had ſhe continued in or near London, there would yet have been a

probability

probability of her ſeeing Montgomery, or at leaſt of hearing from him.

Sir Edward ſaw her dejection: and no longer doubting of its cauſe, made it an additional argument with himſelf againſt indulging the paſſion which now had gained ſo ſtrong an aſcendance over him, that it was with the utmoſt difficulty he commanded himſelf enough to conceal it from Ethelinde herſelf, who was not unfrequently ſtartled at the warmth with which his friendſhip was expreſſed. But though it ſometimes gave her pain by reminding her of what Lord Danesforte had dared to hint at, and made her fear that Lady Newenden might be made uneaſy, ſhe was far from having any of that vanity which would, to a leſs pure and ingenuous mind, have given a very different interpretation of Sir Edward's behaviour. Her father, who had ſeen a great deal of the world, who had lived much abroad, and who fancied that Ethelinde was an object of univerſal admiration and eſteem, ſaw nothing extraordinary in an attachment which he thought

thought her merit demanded; and far from diſcouraging it, he recommended his daughter on all occaſions to Sir Edward; and put into his hands a will, in which he left her in caſe of his death entirely under the protection of this generous and affectionate friend. Jealous in honor as Colonel Cheſterville was, the leaſt hint of the ſuſpicions which Lord Danesforte ſo cruelly preſumed to harbour would have made him wretched; and have rendered all the favours he had received from Sir Edward more painful than the difficulties he had been relieved from: but though Lord Danesforte, to anſwer purpoſes of his own, had already circulated the injurious calumny as far as he could with ſafety, Colonel Cheſterville was the laſt perſon likely to hear it, except Sir Edward himſelf; who, had he known by what arts Lord Danesforte had already tainted the mind of his wife, and was proceeding to deſtroy the reputation of the innocent Ethelinde, would have no longer

ſuffered

ſuffered him to mix with the parties, where, to practiſe all this miſchief, was poſſible; and would probably, before the ill effects became irremediable, have checked his career.

On the arrival of Sir Edward's family, with Mr. and Mrs. Maltravers, and Colonel and Miſs Cheſterville, at Briſtol Hot Wells, the two latter would have retired to a ſeparate lodging; as Ethelinde was really ill, and deſirous of more quiet than could be obtained in an houſe where ſo much company as Lady Newenden kept, were continually received; but Sir Edward preſſed Colonel Cheſterville ſo warmly to remain with them, and ſeemed ſo uneaſy at the idea of their ſeparation, that the Colonel gave up the plan. Ethelinde had an apartment in the houſe, where ſhe could be perfectly quiet, and her father a room near her's. Lady Newenden, having choſen her own apartments, was indifferent whether they went or ſtaid. Another houſe immediately adjoining was taken

taken for Lord Danesforte and Davenant; and Mr. and Mrs. Maltravers, on account of their large ſuit of attendants, had a large houſe for themſelves.

During the firſt few days after their arrival, nothing very material occurred. Lady Newenden, deſirous of getting over the viſits to their Briſtol relations before the arrival of her noble friend, propoſed to Sir Edward and her father to go to them ſome morning, but deſired that no invitation to dinner might be accepted—"If once," ſaid ſhe, "we get into eating parties, thoſe city folks will be in their element; and we ſhall be more *ennuyé* than by going through a rotation of London aldermen." Mr. Maltravers, though Mrs. Ludford was his ſiſter, not only acquieſced in Lady Newenden's plan of ſinking the relationſhip as much as he could, but would have been ſtill more pleaſed could he have evaded acknowledging it all.

This however was hardly poſſible. His ſiſter,

ſiſter, conſcious of the opulence of her huſband, and valuing herſelf on her own family, was high ſpirited, and would, he knew, loudly complain of the affront, ſhould he totally neglect her: and as the wealth of Mr. Ludford was great, though not equal to his own, his children, conſiſting of a ſon and a daughter, were well received in all companies, and could not therefore be avoided.

Ethelinde, from the extreme weakneſs to which her fever had reduced her, as well as from depreſſion of ſpirit, was unfit to attend her couſin, her uncle, and Mr. Maltravers, in this viſit; and therefore excuſed herſelf. Colonel Cheſterville, ever deſirous of ſhewing attention to the family of a wife whoſe memory was moſt dear to him, accompanied them; and as by his going Mr. Maltravers coach was full, Sir Edward was glad of the excuſe to remain at home alſo. The viſit, which was to be a morning one, was announced by ſending a

ſervant the evening before; and on their arrival, the party found Mr. and Mrs. Ludford, and their daughter, Miſs Clarinthia Ludford, ready to receive them.

The lady of the houſe, her ample perſon dreſſed in a gown of fine muſlin, a faſhionable hat ſurmounted with a plume of feathers, and her whole appearance diſplaying more wealth than taſte, roſe to receive Mrs. Maltravers; who was, though leſs gorgeouſly, at leaſt as youthfully dreſt. Mr. Maltravers ſaluted his ſiſter, and his niece. Lady Newenden, after the firſt introductory words, remaining ſilent, the converſation was divided between Colonel Cheſterville, Mrs. Ludford, and Mr. Maltravers; but though the viſit was ſhort, it evidently languiſhed: the ladies moving in different circles, had little in common that might ſerve for diſcourſe; Mr. Maltravers was not intereſted in the commerce which wholly engroſſed the ideas of his brother in law; and Colonel Cheſterville addreſſed himſelf

himſelf ſometimes to the elder and ſometimes to the younger lady on the news of the day: but his was of the London world; and their notions wholly confined to the people among whom they lived, and where they felt and enjoyed that conſequence which was obſcured among the more brilliant luminaries of the hemiſphere of the metropolis.

Miſs Clarinthia Ludford, however, was a young lady of ſcience, and unlike ſome of that deſcription who are ſo cruel as to conceal their talents from their friends, ſhe was always generouſly communicative. Dreſt like the ſhepherdeſs of the Alps, the tender and unfortunate Adelaide, her boſom was as full of ſympathy, and as prone to love. No object however offering in the preſent group to call forth thoſe gentle ſenſations, (for Colonel Cheſterville, though a very handſome man, was near fifty, and her uncle by marriage,) ſhe contented herſelf with making to her couſin, Lady Newenden,

ſome advances towards converſation; and having tried two or three topics on which ſhe met with no encouragement, ſhe ventured to aſk "whether her Ladyſhip had read the laſt new novel?"

"No really, Ma'am," replied Lady Newenden, with her uſual cold languor, "I ſeldom read thoſe things."

"Dear!" exclaimed the gentle Clarinthia, "I thought every body had read thoſe ſort of faſhionable books. All the time I can ſpare from my maſters and my filligree, I dedicate to reading. Your Ladyſhip, perhaps, reads hiſtory; or is fond of poetry?"

"Not particularly."

Almoſt diſcouraged, Miſs Clarinthia now ventured another queſtion. "Does my couſin Ethelinde read much? I am told ſhe is very accompliſhed."

"Oh yes," replied Lady Newenden with a contemptuous ſmile, "Miſs Cheſterville reads I fancy every book that is to be had at a circulating library; and as for

for accompliſhments, I believe, but I am no judge, that ſhe is what is called highly accompliſhed."

"Oh heavens! how infinitely happy I ſhall be in cultivating the acquaintance of ſo amiable a relation! I am ſure I ſhall like her extremely. My mama wiſhes me of all things to make acquaintance with people of taſte and knowledge, and I ſhall account myſelf doubly fortunate in finding ſo delightful a friend in my own family."

Lady Newenden, who feared that this predilection in favour of Ethelinde would produce exactly what ſhe had been labouring to avoid, the frequent viſits of the Ludford family; only bowed in ſilence; and by that time Mrs. Maltravers, who was heartily tired, aroſe, and they departed as formally as they entered.

Lady Newenden threw herſelf into the coach; and but for the preſence of Colonel Cheſterville would have declared her diſlike of the people ſhe had ſeen; but con-

tenting herſelf with ſcornful ſilence, her mother began by ſaying to Mr. Maltravers—"Your ſiſter is ſtrangely altered ſince we ſaw her laſt. She is as fat as a landlady; and how very much her complexion is changed."

"We none of us grow younger, Mrs. Maltravers," gravely anſwered her huſband.

"No, that is very true; but I hope we don't all alter quite ſo much neither."

"What ſignifies it," peeviſhly replied Mr. Maltravers, "how old women look?"

"Old women! Mr. Maltravers. I don't know what you reckon old."

"But I know what you reckon young. You account yourſelf young; and are fonder of being admired than a girl of ſixteen."

"I, Mr. Maltravers, fond of admiration! I might perhaps be excuſed if I were—but—"

"Thirty years ago you might—but not now."

"I am ſure, Sir, you know not what

were

were my pretenſions thirty years ago; for I was then a little child in England. But I was talking of your ſiſter, and not of myſelf."

"And thinking of yourſelf, more than of my ſiſter."

"How ſo, Sir?"

"Why you was conſidering how much younger you look than ſhe does, though you are I ſuppoſe about the ſame ſtanding."

"You know to the contrary, Mr. Maltravers."

"I know that ſhe is fifty, gaily as ſhe now chuſes to dreſs, and that you are very little leſs."

The lady now grew too angry for a reply. Colonel Cheſterville, to change the diſcourſe, mentioned Miſs Ludford—"She is rather pretty," ſaid he, "and has ſomething of the family countenance."

"Family countenance! Colonel," ſaid Lady Newenden indignantly—"is it poſſible you can think ſo?"

"Indeed Colonel," added Mrs. Maltravers, "you pay the family countenance no great compliment; what with ſuch a noſe! and ſuch a complexion!"

"The girl is well enough as to figure and face," ſaid Mr. Maltravers, "but ſhe is over run with affectation and folly. A ſort of ſomething Mrs Ludford has got in her head about education, has made her ſtuff this girl's memory with ſcraps of every thing; ſhe has a fine romantic name for an adventure; and will probably, by dint of reading plays and romances, fancy herſelf the heroine of a novel, and find one of her father's clerks for the hero."

Lady Newenden ſmiled at this ſatyrical remark of her father on his niece. But when ſhe heard in the ſequel of their converſation that Mr. Ludford had inſiſted on their fixing a day for dining there, and that it had been impoſſible to evade it, ſhe grew more out of humour; and meditating how to eſcape, ſooner than ſhe propoſed at firſt to complete the engagement

gagement ſhe had made with Lord Danesforte, ſhe ſat ſilent the reſt of the way.

Ethelinde and Sir Edward Newenden had paſſed their time much more pleaſantly and rationally. As ſoon as the coach drew from the door, he had taken his three children, the little one yet in arms, and the two boys, the elder of whom Ethelinde had ſo lately, under Providence, reſcued from death, and to whom ſhe was particularly attached, and had carried them himſelf into the room where ſhe ſat. The little girl was in her lap, the others playing at her feet; and while Sir Edward contemplated her ſoft countenance with tender admiration, he could not repreſs a deep ſigh, excited by the contraſt between her and Lady Newenden; who, never ſenſible of great maternal affection, had lately ſhewn towards her children, indifference, which wounded the heart of Sir Edward more than the coldneſs or haughtineſs he frequently met with himſelf. Surrounded with company at home, or

engaged in parties abroad, ſhe only ſaw the little ones when they were brought to her for a few moments while ſhe was dreſſing. When ſhe aroſe, it was ſo late, that when breakfaſt was over ſome party was ready to engage her, from which ſhe returned but to dreſs for dinner; then ſhe was completely occupied for the reſt of the day, and generally till three or four the next morning: and this mode of life, againſt which Sir Edward at the beginning of their marriage had gently but fruitleſsly remonſtrated, was now ſo ſettled an habit, that no probability remained of her ever adopting any other; particularly ſince the intimacy of Lord Danesforte at the houſe had introduced later hours and deeper play. Of domeſtic happineſs Sir Edward was entirely deprived: but he had not the leaſt ſuſpicion that any other attachment ſubſiſted between Lord Danesforte and Lady Newenden than a league of faſhionable idleneſs and diſſipation. Yet the long viſits his Lordſhip made, and his follow-

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ing her wherever ſhe appeared, began to make him uneaſy leaſt the world ſhould judge more harſhly; and the frequent demands for ſums of money, larger than ſhe had uſually called for, gave him cauſe to apprehend that ſhe might not only injure her reputation, but the fortunes of her children, by the acquaintance and ſtyle of life ſhe had choſen. This uneaſineſs he had long concealed, knowing too well that complaint might irritate the temper, but not change the conduct of Lady Newenden: but he longed, yet dreaded to lay open his heart to Ethelinde; her gentle ſympathy he thought would ſoothe and conſole him, and her advice direct him: but in exciting the one, or obtaining the other, he feared that he might betray, more than he had already done, the ſituation of his heart in regard to herſelf; and not only alarm her delicacy by the diſcovery, but ſhew her that if he had loſt the affections of his wife, it was not till he had in ſome meaſure deſerved it,

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by ſuffering his own heart to wander to another object. The conſciouſneſs of his partial and encreaſing fondneſs for Ethelinde often checked the murmurs that Lady Newenden's manner of life gave riſe to; and when of late he had once or twice found it difficult wholly to ſuppreſs them, and had remotely and very gently touched on his diſſatisfaction, ſhe had received his hints not merely with coldneſs but with ſcorn; and had enquired ſneeringly whether, conſidering all the condeſcenſion ſhe ſhewed in gratifying him with the company of *perſons he preferred*, he had any right to dictate to her? or to complain of the way in which ſhe choſe to paſs that time, which her rank gave her leave to uſe as ſhe pleaſed; and that fortune, which ſhe had not hitherto objected to *his* having a conſiderable ſhare of, to beſtow on his *peculiar favourites*."

Sir Edward, though far from being aſhamed of what he had done for Colonel Cheſterville, had yet never ſpoken of it:

not

not only through delicacy to the feelings of a man already too cruelly wounded, but becauſe he knew that Mr. Maltravers would object to ſuch a diſpoſition of a large ſum of money, and think he had the greater right to object, becauſe it was advanced to his relation. But theſe ſpeeches of Lady Newenden convinced Sir Edward that by ſome means or other the tranſaction had become known to her; and he was not only diſturbed by that certainty, but greatly hurt at thoſe expreſſions which he knew muſt allude to Ethelinde; and which he dreaded, leaſt in ſome fit of capricious ill humour his wife might repeat to her. The few days that they had been at Briſtol had been paſſed by Sir Edward in extreme uneaſineſs from theſe cauſes: yet could he not determine to let Ethelinde quit the family; nor could he forbear at every opportunity ſeeking her company, and indulging that tender admiration, which, ſince her attendance on his child, ſeemed hardly

hardly leſs the effect of taſte than the offſpring of gratitude.

When he had ſat with her about half an hour, talking to and of the children who were playing round them, the youngeſt fell aſleep on her lap; and that her brothers might not awaken her, Sir Edward ſent them to their maid, and then returning, he ſat down by Ethelinde, and enquired if ſhe knew when Lord Danesforte and Davenant were expected?

"To-morrow, I believe," replied ſhe; "at leaſt I underſtood that the houſe they have taken is preparing for them to-day."

"Adieu! then, to the ſhort calm we have enjoyed! Deep play begins again; day and night inverted; and every real and rational enjoyment of ſociety annihilated. You know, Ethy, how reluctantly I ever ſay that to Lady Newenden which may give her pain; but I think this goes too far. Good God! that I ſhould be thus unfortunate!—That your couſin's taſte

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and mine ſhould ſo eſſentially differ! I wiſh —but what do wiſhes avail—that ſhe could be content with leſs diſſipation, or that I could find pleaſure in the purſuits which pleaſe her. As it is, I grow more and more uneaſy at the courſe of life ſhe is in."

To this, Ethelinde knew not what to reply. To deny the juſtice of his obſervation, or the propriety of his complaint, was impoſſible: yet ſhe was equally unwilling to ſay any thing that might by acquieſcence, irritate his uneaſineſs or condemn her couſin's conduct. She remained ſilent therefore, and Sir Edward re-aſſumed his diſcourſe.

"Mr. and Mrs. Maltravers, who are the propereſt perſons to check this extravagant career, are exactly thoſe who add to the velocity with which ſhe purſues it. Her mother, more volatile, more vain, more inconſiderate than herſelf, encourages her in amuſements by which ſhe is equally gratified; and her father, who

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is by diſpoſition as well as habit ſo prone to judge ſeverely of all the reſt of the world, is blind to her errors; and would reſent any attempt to convince him that ſhe has any———" He pauſed, and deeply ſighed. Ethelinde ſpoke not, and he again went on.

"There *was* a time when I *did* hope that I and my children had ſome intereſt in the heart, ſome power on the affections of Lady Newenden. But that is all over! Other pleaſures than domeſtic, other demands more forcible than duty, influence her. She is loſt to me—to her unfortunate children!"

Tears now filled the eyes of Sir Edward, and deep ſighs burſt from his heart. Ethelinde, extremely diſtreſſed, was inclined rather to weep with him than able to conſole him. But ſtill apprehenſive of encouraging by her participation an impreſſion ſo fatal to his peace, ſhe tried to reaſon with rather than indulge him.

"Surely,

"Surely, my dear Sir Edward," ſaid ſhe, "you ſee this matter in too ſerious a light. Conſider how Lady Newenden has always been indulged; reflect a little that her manner of life is no other than is adopted by other women of equal rank and fortune; and aſſure yourſelf that tho' the routine of faſhionable life may for a while engage her, her heart is not leſs your's, her affections are not leſs her children's."

"You judge generouſly, my Ethelinde. Does Lady Newenden adopt equal candour in her judgment? I fear not! There is, among the people ſhe frequents, a ſtyle of living, of thinking, which makes me tremble; and 'tis not merely time and money ſacrificed, but principles and feelings of infinitely more conſequence. You will not own it; but your diſcernment is too quick, your ſenſe too ſolid, not to ſee that ſhe holds in contempt the opinions of the reſt of the world, and forms all her ideas to the ſtandard ſet up by a particular ſet of people; of whom Lord Danesforte,

Danesforte, one of the moſt profligate and unprincipled young men of this diſſolute period, is the leader. Is he exactly the man to whom my wife ſhould entruſt the choice of her friends, and the regulation of her opinions?"

"Poſſibly not; but of this I am convinced, that if you expreſſed any diſapprobation to my couſin, ſhe would ſuffer the acquaintance to drop rather than give you a moment's pain."

"Ah, no! Ethelinde!" ſighing from the bottom of his heart, replied Sir Edward—"I have already made but too many unſucceſsful experiments on the tenderneſs of Maria. Much may be allowed to the boundleſs indulgence of her education, much to the poſſeſſion of youth, beauty, and affluence; but nothing can excuſe the want of natural feelings—of the tenderneſs of a mother.——Do not however imagine that I feel, or have ever felt, any thing like ſuſpicion of her perſonal fidelity. I think too well of her to have

have ſuch an idea. Yet I am unhappy.—I want a companion, a friend, a rational being—and I meet only a fine lady, who ſacrifices, to the opinion of the weak and vicious, her health, her time, her fortune, and the peace of her huſband. Alas! ſhe may perhaps flutter on a few years, the defects of her mind, the errors of her character concealed by the blaze of equipage and of title; but where, when the deluſion is over, where will ſhe find friendſhip, tenderneſs, and gratitude, to fill the dreadful vacuum which muſt remain. How unlovely, how unloved if not deſpiſed, will ſhe be turned over to

"An old age of cards."

Nor is this the worſt conſequence. Innocent of all that is uſually called evil, as ſhe undoubtedly is, yet you well know, that the world will not ſcruple to put her fondneſs for Lord Danesforte's company to the moſt diſgraceful and odious account; already I doubt not the tongue of

ſlander

ſlander has been buſy with her fame. Should this be?——Adviſe me, Ethelinde —young as you are, your excellent underſtanding will be a better guide to me than my own diſturbed and diſtracted reaſon."

Ethelinde, more and more concerned at the deep impreſſion he ſeemed to have ſo ſuddenly received of Lady Newenden's miſconduct, ſtill heſitated, and looked at him with eyes expreſſive of what ſhe felt at the ſight of his unhappineſs; at length ſhe faintly ſaid—" Perhaps if you were to ſtate your objections to Mr. Maltravers, he might ſee the propriety of them, and repreſent to his daughter the ill conſequence of cultivating too eagerly the acquaintance of Lord Danesforte."

" I muſt," ſaid he; " for I foreſee nothing but circumſtances to which I cannot ſubmit in its continuance. I have ſilently, yet inceſſantly lamented having allowed it to go on ſo long. Yet I could not ſuppoſe, after our leaving the abbey, but

but that it would have dropped. Our journey to Scarborough however cemented this improper and dangerous connection; and ſo pleaſant was it become to my wife, that I ſaw—with what bitterneſs ſaw, that even her child's illneſs, the expected death of that dear little boy whom you, under Providence, preſerved to me, was hardly attended to with common humanity.—Lady Newenden had not ſtrength to ſet out poſt with me, to attend her ſon during his illneſs, or to receive his laſt ſigh had heaven robbed me of him; but ſhe was not fatigued by the perpetual vigils of loo and hazard. To thoſe, her nights were given; and in ſuch wretched reſources ſhe found a remedy for maternal ſolicitude—for maternal ſorrow!"

Tears, in ſpite of the indignation he felt, now filled the eyes of Sir Edward. Reflection on the different conduct of Ethelinde, ſoftened him into a tenderneſs he could not repreſs; and taking her unreſiſting

reſiſting hand, he held it to his eyes, and ſobbed in the ſevereſt agony of ſpirit.

Ethelinde wept alſo; and was extremely ſhocked at all that had paſſed; but without believing that the affections which Lady Newenden had thrown away were unhappily fixed on herſelf, ſhe entreated him to be calm; and, ſince the acquaintance of Lord Danesforte was painful to him, to put an end to it rather than lament it. But the ſenſe as well as the ſoftneſs of her remonſtrance were ſo far from calming the tumult of Sir Edward's ſoul, that it added new poignancy to the afflicting compariſon he was making between her and Lady Newenden, and new bitterneſs to the regret which had ſo long poſſeſſed his heart in reflecting that Ethelinde could not only never be his, but that it was breaking through every barrier of reaſon and honour even to wiſh it or ſuppoſe it poſſible.

His tranſports were now ſo truly alarming, that Ethelinde, in whoſe arms the infant

infant Maria was yet ſleeping, found it better to diſengage herſelf; and telling Sir Edward, (who ſtill, with his head on the table, his handkerchief to his eyes, and her hand graſped in his, continued in a convulſive fit of crying, and ſeemed incapable of hearing her) that the baby was awake, and that ſhe muſt ring the bell for its nurſe, ſhe at length, by beſeeching him to conſider that the ſervants might ſee how violently he had been affected, and make ſtrange comments, rouſed him from the ſtate he was in. Suddenly ſtarting up, he preſſed her hand to his lips. "Angel of goodneſs and purity!" cried he, in a trembling and wild tone. Then turning away, he went to the door, and was hurrying acroſs the hall with his handkerchief ſtill in his hand, and the tears too viſible on his face, when Lord Danesforte and Davenant, entering at the oppoſite door, met him.

Lord Danesforte was beginning a ſalutation

lutation in his uſual eaſy ſtyle, when ſtruck with the ſingularity of Sir Edward's appearance, he ſtopped, and ſaid—"Why what the devil's the matter, Newenden?—Nobody is ſick, or dead, I hope?"

Sir Edward, to whom his ſight was ſufficiently irkſome at that moment, could not command himſelf to ſpeak to him; but paſſed ſilently by him, leaving both his Lordſhip and Davenant to make their way into the room where Ethelinde was found with a countenance likely to encreaſe their ſurpriſe.

"Why what ails every body to-day?" cried Lord Danesforte. "Have you had a funeral in the houſe? Miſs Cheſterville you ſeem to have been a party *concerned*. Pray tell me what ails Sir Edward?"

"Nothing, my Lord, that I know of."

"Nothing! Oh, I ſuppoſe he has been reading a tragedy with *you*. Is it not ſo? Your gentle hearts have been ſympathizing

ſympathizing together. I'm glad 'tis nothing worſe. Come, come, tears are becoming to fine eyes; and ſuſceptibility you know, the moſt winning of all attractions. But prythee ſmile a little now. Here's Davenant languiſhing for a kind look."

The ſneering expreſſion which ſat on the countenance of Lord Danesforte while he uttered this ſpeech, left Ethelinde little doubt of the malice of his meaning; but ſo much had the ſcene which had paſſed affected her, that ſhe was totally incapacitated from anſwering or evading his cruel raillery: making therefore a pretence of the little girl who was in her arms, ſhe haſtened away, not doubting but that his Lordſhip, whoſe influence on Lady Newenden now appeared in a more dangerous light than it had ever yet done, would repreſent what he had been witneſs to in his own way.

CHAPTER VII.

IN a few moments after Lord Danesforte's arrival with Davenant, Lady Newenden, Colonel Chesterville, and Mr. and Mrs. Maltravers, arrived from their visit. Her Ladyship seemed much elated by this acquisition to what had been before "a dull family party." The chagrin she had conceived at being compelled to make a visit to the family of Ludford was forgotten; and the extreme coldness and visible displeasure of Sir Edward, unnoticed; or being noticed, scorned. Dinner was no sooner over than the loo table was introduced into the drawing room. Other company came in; deep play began; and Sir Edward, not only suffering under his own uneasiness, but grieved to remark the avidity with which Colonel Chesterville joined those who

who played, went out to conceal his concern, and that he might enjoy that ſolitude which his preſent temper of mind required, he went towards St. Vincent's rock. Ill health, which was more than a pretence, made the retirement of Ethelinde eaſily accounted for. Glad to eſcape, ſhe ſeized the firſt moment in which the whole party were deeply engaged; and in her own room ſat herſelf down to reflect on what had paſſed in the morning, which had rather left on her mind a tumultuous and confuſed ſenſe of pain, than any diſtinct ſentiment of particular unhappineſs. All, however, when ſhe began to inveſtigate it, appeared to offer only ſources of encreaſing calamity. She knew too well that Lady Newenden was ſo haughty, ſo high ſpirited, and ſo much impreſſed with an idea that her fortune ſet her above the common forms of life, that there was little hope of her feeling any thing but rage and reſentment on the ſlighteſt remonſtrance

from Sir Edward. She knew that Mr. Maltravers, far from allowing her to be wrong, would feel nothing but indignation at the bare hint of its poſſibility; and making her quarrel his own, would be ſenſible only of indignation at Sir Edward's want of confidence and liberality of mind; while Mrs. Maltravers, as much bigotted to Lord Danesforte and his parties as Lady Newenden herſelf, would with impatience hear, and with anger reſent, any attempt to put an end to the acquaintance.

But ſhe ſaw the mind of Sir Edward ſo embittered, and his feelings ſo outraged, that he was determined to attempt to break the connection; and ſhe thought it very probable, that in the anger this attempt would excite, Lord Danesforte would call forth all the malignity of his character; and that the injurious ſuſpicions he had dared to hint to her with ſo little reſerve, would be communicated with all the aggravation of ingenious ma-

lice

lice to Lady Newenden, who would gladly adopt them as an excuſe for her neglect and ill humour towards him, who was not only the huſband of her choice, but ſo eſtimable, ſo amiable, that nothing but the depraved taſte of inſatiable and exorbitant vanity would have found pleaſure in ſeeking the adulation of others to the ruin of his happineſs. Beſides this apprehenſion, of itſelf ſufficiently mortifying and alarming, ſhe ſuffered extremely in reflecting on her father's ſituation, and ſtill more on his paſſion for play, of which ſhe had ſeen too much ſince they had been with Sir Edward. The certainty of never ſeeing Montgomery again, and his failing to write to her, completed the number of corroſive reflections that preyed on her heart.

Of theſe latter, however, ſhe tried to get the better by the exertion of her reaſon. "Wherefore," ſaid ſhe, arguing with herſelf, "wherefore ſhould I ſo weakly give way to a prepoſſeſſion which

is certainly imprudent, and probably may be fatal? Why not check it while yet in my power? why not conquer heroically a partiality I cannot indulge without a breach of duty and prudence? Untried, what is virtue? or what is that nominal virtue, which, contented with profeſſion, with ſpeculation only, ſuffers the firſt violent partiality to take poſſeſſion of the mind, and to overturn at once all its reſolutions and principles. I, who have ſo often heard my companions talk of this violent, this predominant love, and have laughed at the chimeras which idleneſs and inexperience have engendered; who have ſo often ſhut the novel in diſguſt where ſuch romantic paſſions were deſcribed and applauded—ſhall I fancy myſelf ſo madly in love as to ſacrifice my own health to the idea; or what is yet more precious—infinitely more precious —my father's repoſe?"

Animated by this idea, and her feelings which related merely to herſelf

blunted

blunted by the concern ſhe felt for Sir Edward, ſhe believed for a few moments that ſhe could effectually diveſt herſelf of her attachment to Montgomery. Perhaps his not availing himſelf of the tacit acquieſcence, or at beſt the faint refuſal of permiſſion to write to her, was not without its ſhare in ſtrengthening this reſolution; in which ſhe very earneſtly attempted to confirm herſelf, till the following letter, in the midſt of all her heroiſm, was delivered to her from Montgomery.

Harley-ſtreet, Oct. 29.

" Madam,

" You will pardon me I am ſure for thus intruding myſelf upon you, when you learn that which will I know give you pleaſure. I preſume not to ſay on my own account, but from the general humanity and tenderneſs of your character, and from the particular intereſt you deigned to take in favour of Mrs. Montgomery.

"Soon after that day when I took, as I feared, a laſt leave of you and of happineſs, I met, by an accident with which it is unneceſſary to trouble you, a gentleman who married a relation of my mother's, and who poſſeſſes a very large fortune of his own, as well as a ſtill larger in right of his wife, who was an heireſs. This gentleman, on being made acquainted with my ſituation and my proſpects, has been ſo far from approving my project of going out in the military line to India, that he has inſiſted on my accepting an apartment in his own houſe; and has undertaken to procure for me ſuch a ſituation in this country as one of the deſcendants of the noble houſe of Montgomery need not bluſh to be placed in. I applied immediately to my mother, without whoſe approbation I ever make it a point to do nothing. You will not wonder to hear, that any plan which keeps me in England has her warm concurrence.

currence. May I without preſumption add, that to remain in the ſame country with Miſs Cheſterville, hopeleſs as I am of ſeeing her, is yet moſt conſolatory to the heart of her ever devoted,

obedient, and obliged ſervant,

Charles Archibald Montgomey."

P. S. "I know *I* dare not aſk, dare not expect *one line* from you; yet ſhould your generoſity ever prompt you to enquire after me *on my mother's account*, I am to be heard of at John Royſton's, Eſq. Harley ſtreet."

Ethelinde, having tremblingly peruſed this letter once, began to conſider its contents. It was too reſpectful to offend her. That Montgomery left not England avowedly on her account, as had been his original deſign, gave her the trueſt pleaſure ſhe was capable of taſting; yet

that he ſhould enter on a ſtate of dependance with a gentleman, who, though allied to his family, ſeemed to have been known to him only by accident, appeared to be a plan ſomewhat inconſiſtent with his high ſpirit, and thoſe notions of independence which he had ſometimes expreſſed with a warmth that his youth and high birth rendered at once intereſting and alarming;—alarming, ſince they were but too likely to impede that ſpecies of ſucceſs in life which his circumſtances made requiſite; if not to his actual ſupport, at leaſt to his eaſe and comfort. Concluding, however, that the proſpects offered him were ſuperior to his former viſions of advantage, and very certain that he would do nothing unworthy of himſelf, ſhe was not only much conſoled by the letter, but forgetting the reſolutions ſhe had made a few moments before, the idea of Montgomery returned to her mind as amiable as ever; and ſoothing herſelf with an hope that fortune might

might favour them, and that they were finally deſtined for each other, ſhe attempted no more to argue herſelf out of a paſſion ſo well juſtified by the merit of its object, and which ſhe hoped ſhe might yet without indiſcretion indulge.

But though ſhe was relieved from that uneaſineſs which ſhe had felt at the thoughts of ſeeing Montgomery no more, ſhe had ſtill much to pain and diſtreſs her. The change of air however, aided by her youth, gradually conquered the remains of weakneſs and languor which her illneſs had left, and in about ten days from her arrival at the Hot Wells, ſhe was almoſt as well and quite as beautiful as ever. The late hours which Lady Newenden kept, ſhe had never been in an habit of complying with; and as ſhe never played, and the houſe was uſually in a tumult of company, among whom ſhe was not miſſed, ſhe had an opportunity of paſſing much of her time alone, and of avoiding the impertinent freedoms of Lord Danesforte,

and

and the proud but troubleſome attentions of Davenant; who ſeeing her admired by others, retained ſtill his wiſh to become acceptable, but could not prevail on himſelf to hide the anger he felt at the little ſatisfaction his preference ſeemed to give her. She avoided him as much as poſſible; but fled with yet more ſolicitude from Lord Danesforte, who failed not, whenever he could get an opportunity, to inſult her with hints of Sir Edward's affection for her, and not unfrequently to preſs his own. Fearing to exaſperate him by great ſeverity of retort, (for innocent as ſhe was ſhe dreaded his unprincipled malice,) and equally alarmed at the reſentment her father would not fail to ſhew if he had the leaſt idea of his ſtile of converſation, ſhe paſſed half the time ſhe was in his company in forming devices how to eſcape the whole day without ſuffering him to exchange a word with her; and as he never attempted it but when he was ſure of being unobſerved by Lady Newenden, ſhe generally

nerally ſucceeded in avoiding him wholly. With Lady Newenden ſhe now never met but at table or in the drawing room; ſo that it was ſeldom any converſation paſſed between them: but when it did, there was ſomething of cold contempt in her manner which made Ethelinde extremely unhappy; and every circumſtance concurred to make her wiſh the time was arrived when the reſt of the party were to go to Lord Danesforte's houſe in Glouceſterſhire, and when ſhe ſhould go to Bath to remain with her father the reſt of the winter.

Sir Edward, however, was determined to put an end to a ſcheme which he had never approved, and the ill conſequences of which became to him every day more apparent. The more he obſerved of Lady Newenden's conduct, the more diſſatisfied he grew; yet to appear jealous would throw ridicule on himſelf, and ſuſpicion on his wife, which perhaps ſhe might not deſerve. His tenderneſs for his children made him tremble at doing any thing which

which was likely to injure the fame of their mother: yet ſhe was herſelf every day detracting from its purity; and he feared that though he had not heard it, the tongue of ſcandal had already been buſied in its deſtruction. Theſe reflections, the careleſs haughtineſs with which his wife treated him, her boundleſs expences which he could not check, and the irkſomeneſs of having his houſe filled with people whoſe ſociety was diſagreeable to him and dangerous to her, together with his hopeleſs tenderneſs for Ethelinde, made his life a perpetual conflict of contending paſſions—paſſions, which as he could not ſafely reveal, preyed on his mind, and diſturbed his temper. The only conſolation he once had, was to ſeek out Ethelinde and forget for a moment every thing but her gentleneſs and her perfections: but ſince the inuendos Lady Newenden had repeated on every attempt he had made to detach her Ladyſhip from her preſent connections, he no longer ventured ſo frequently to ſit with

with Miſs Cheſterville; but when the whole houſe was in the hurry of amuſement, he retired to his ſtudy, and there indulged the anguiſh of his ſpirit without obſervation. Mr. Maltravers and Colonel Cheſterville had not failed to remark the alteration ſo evident in his behaviour: but the former, who could never ſuppoſe it aroſe from his wife's conduct, had hitherto forborne to notice it; and the latter knew not whether Sir Edward might not be hurt at its being noticed, and therefore forbore to enquire into what it was poſſible he wiſhed to conceal. A few days only had paſſed in this way, when Mr. and Mrs. Ludford, their daughter, their ſon, and a friend of his, a young counſellor of great reputed abilities, came in form to return the viſit they had received from Lady Newenden, Mr. and Mrs. Maltravers, and Colonel Cheſterville. Their equipage was a coach and four; very ſhewy, and attended by four ſervants in liveries equally gaudy: for Mr. Ludford, though ſtill in buſineſs, had

had no longer any occaſion to adhere to the œconomics of mercantile life; but having purchaſed an eſtate about three miles from Briſtol, had commenced country gentleman; and his ſon, though his name was in the firm of the houſe, never ſullied his dignity with any attention to that, which, though it had procured him all the conſequence he boaſted, he conſidered as much beneath the attention of a man of ſpirit, a man of faſhion, and a *bel eſprit*. He had eſtabliſhed his claim to the firſt title by ſpending a great deal more than his father's liberal allowance; to the ſecond, by emulating the company and imitating the manners of diſſipated young men of rank, to whom he often lent money while he borrowed their vices; and to the third, by having got by heart all the moſt offenſive paſſages he could pick up againſt the religion of his country, and by having written certain ſomethings which he was aſſured by his friends were ſpecimens of uncommon and original genius,

and

and which the world of taſte had in ſundry newſpapers been called on to admire. On theſe, and on prologues and epilogues written for private theatres, which the ſame friends declared to be *full of point*, his fame was eſtabliſhed; and Mr. Robert Ludford was reckoned a young man of infinite talent.

This reputation for wit gave but little pleaſure to his father, who knew that he had himſelf accumulated a great deal of money without any. But his mother was of a different opinion; and if there was any thing that gave her more delight than ſhewing her own finery, it was ſeeing her ſon's genius diſplayed in print, and hearing him accounted among the luminaries of the age. His perſon was ſhort, and extremely thin; a perfection on which he highly valued himſelf and which his whole dreſs was calculated to ſhew to advantage. He had two little black eyes, with which he practiſed, at the glaſs, the ſparkle of ſpirit and the languiſh of tenderneſs; and

theſe,

theſe, with two ſleek black eye brows, carefully adjuſted, aſſiſted much in the expreſſion which he endeavoured to throw into his countenance. His paleneſs, or rather ſallowneſs, he could occaſionally remove; and he had made graceful attitudes his peculiar ſtudy. Still, however, there was ſomething conſtrained in his manner: his hair was generally ſo prepoſterouſly dreſſed, that his head appeared too big for his body; which, together with his high cape, took up ſo much of his whole perſon, that his face would have eſcaped the view, if his noſe, ſomewhat long and ſharp, had not fortunately reſcued it from oblivion. Such was the young man, who, leaping out of the phaeton in which he had driven his friend Mr. Emmerſley, preſented himſelf in the parlour, where Sir Edward Newenden, Colonel Cheſterville, and his daughter, had juſt received Mr. and Mrs. Ludford and Miſs Clarinthia. Lady Newenden was not yet viſible; and neither Lord Danesforte,

Davenant,

Davenant, nor Mr. and Mrs. Maltravers, appeared at their uſual rendezvous till about an hour before dinner. The few minutes converſation which the weather and the uſual enquiries after health ſupply, was already nearly exhauſted, when this fortunate arrival relieved Sir Edward from the heavy taſk of renewing it. Mr. Ludford, animated by the preſence of his couſin Ethelinde, of whoſe ſenſe he had heard much, and whoſe improved beauty (for it was ſome years ſince he laſt ſaw her,) he was extremely charmed with, called forth all his vivacity: but Sir Edward, who ſaw that his particular addreſs to her greatly diſguſted and diſtreſſed her, drew off his attention by entering on a ſubject of literature, on which he knew the vanity of the little *bel eſprit* would infallibly induce him to deſcant. Sir Edward ſucceeded: Mr. Robert Ludford and his friend entered eagerly into the converſation; while Mrs. Ludford ſat in admiration of her ſon's talent. Mr. Ludford, whoſe

whoſe thoughts were now called from the preſs to the plough, began a calculation on the number of cabbages neceſſary to fat fifty oxen; and Miſs Clarinthia, who though extremely well read was by no means equal to her brother, took this opportunity to begin a converſation with Ethelinde.

"It is inconceivable, my ſweet couſin," ſaid the gentle Clarinthia, "how fondly I have languiſhed to ſee you! My heart told me I ſhould not be diſappointed in meeting with a tender and agreeable friend in ſo near a relation."

Ethelinde only bowed.

"I now hope, my deareſt creature, that we ſhall be vaſtly together. I am told that you read a great deal, and play divinely! Oh! do you know that muſic is the paſſion of my ſoul, and that I perfectly doat upon poetry! Are *you* not vaſtly fond of it yourſelf? I am ſure I need not aſk;—you ſeem to be all made up of harmony and tenderneſs. But tell me,

me, do you not live upon, doat upon poetry?"

"Some poetry aſſuredly," ſaid Ethelinde, "gives me very great pleaſure."

"Have you ever ſeen any of Rupert's? Robert is ſuch a common name that I ſoften it into Rupert. You cannot imagine what delightful verſes he writes. And Mr. Emmerſly, he has another turn; graver indeed, but very ſublime. I long to ſhew you ſome of their compoſitions. You will be delighted with them. As to myſelf, I have now and then tried a little thing in verſe; but I dare not ſhew them, unleſs to you. In proſe perhaps I may ſucceed better; indeed I ſtudy it more."

Ethelinde now found ſhe was expected to ſpeak, and therefore ſaid—"What, then do you principally read, Madam?"

"Don't call me Madam, my dear couſin, I beſeech you; but remember I am your Clarinthia and you my lovely Ethelinde. There is a vaſt deal in name, don't you think ſo? I ſhould have been miſerable

miſerable if Mama had not inſiſted on my being called as I am. Only think of my father's wanting me to be named Judith?"

Ethelinde had little occaſion to enquire farther into the nature of her couſin's ſtudies: but as it was neceſſary to ſay ſomething, ſhe repeated the queſtion—"You read hiſtory, perhaps?"

"Oh yes, a great deal of hiſtory. One muſt, you know, be acquainted with thoſe things, or elſe one appears ignorant. But after all 'tis fatiguing enough. To tell you the truth, my great delight is in novels."

"Novels," ſaid Ethelinde, "are certainly very entertaining."

"Oh yes, delightful! and the only fault I find with ſome of the lateſt is that they are too probable, and I fancy myſelf reading what is true. Now the thing I like is to be carried out of myſelf by a fiction quite out of common life, and to get among ſcenes and people of another world."

"In

"In that I ſhould think you might eaſily be gratified."

"Whenever I am ſo happy as to ſee you at Ludford Houſe," continued Clarinthia, elated at the attention Ethelinde lent her, "I will ſhew you a little ſketch I have drawn up myſelf. My heroine falls in love with a young man; quite a divine creature of courſe, who is obliged to go Ambaſſador to Tripoli. She knows not what to do; but at length determines to hire herſelf into the family of the Tripoline Ambaſſador here, to learn the language, and accompany her lover as his valet de chambre. This plan, by help of walnuts to change her complexion, and a pair of black muſtacios, ſhe accompliſhes; then ſhe meets with an amazing number of adventures in France; where ſhe kills two or three men in defence of her lover; and her ſex being diſcovered, a French nobleman becomes enamoured of her, and carries her away by force into a chateau in a wood. But I will not tell you a word more

more of it, becauſe I will ſurpriſe you with the cataſtrophe, which is quite original; only one event is borrowed from the Arabian Nights, and one deſcription from Sir Charles Grandiſon. Rupert indeed ſays, that with a little application my pen will become truly Richardſonian."

She now ſtopped, rather for want of breath than of ſubject; and Ethelinde enquired of how many volumes the novel was to be.

"Only two volumes," replied the fair authoreſs; "and I believe I have got writing enough to make them. But you know now 'tis the faſhion to have little books, with a wide margin, and a vaſt deal of white paper; then people read them ſo eaſily while their hair is dreſſing, that it is quite comfortable."

Ethelinde was thoroughly tired of her literary couſin; and for the firſt time in her life not ſorry to ſee Lord Danesforte enter the room; who finding ample ſubject for that ridicule in which he delighted

and

and excelled, was much pleaſed with the group, and exerted his talents to obtain that notice which his title alone would from ſuch a party have ſecured him.

He liſtened for a moment to the arguments with which Mr. Robert Ludford was overwhelming Sir Edward; applauded every thing he ſaid with great gravity; and having done enough to perſuade him he was an admirer of his eloquence, he paſſed acroſs the room to Ethelinde; and with a ſly look which ſhe perfectly underſtood, deſired to be introduced to her amiable companion.

Clarinthia, delighted with this compliment from ſuch a man, inſtantly recollected all the inſtances ſhe had heard of love at firſt ſight, and flattered herſelf that hour was now come when her fair form and ornamented mind was to captivate a peer; ſo celebrated in the annals of gailantry—ſo unrivaled in thoſe exploits and accompliſhments that give ton and eclat to a modern man of faſhion. Lord Danesforte

underſtood her character inſtantly. Vain of her perſon, which was not above mediocrity, and vainer of her underſtanding, which was beneath it, his affected admiration gratified her predominant foible. She became immediately acquainted with him. Ethelinde moſt willingly yielded to her the delight of entertaining a Lord; and in the quarter of an hour in which they were together, Miſs Ludford was more charmed than ſhe had ever been in her life, and her mama, ſo much elated with the notice taken of Clara by Lord Danesforte, and the attention given by Sir Edward and Colonel Cheſterville to her ſon, that ſhe was ſolicitous only to ſtrengthen theſe favourable impreſſions by more frequent interviews, and therefore urgently preſſed the whole party to dine with her on the following Friday. To Lady Newenden, who ſoon after entered the room with her uſual cold and reſerved manner, ſhe warmly urged this requeſt, with which Sir Edward had before complied. Her Ladyſhip, by a glance

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from Lord Danesforte, underſtood that it would not be diſagreeable to him, and therefore, however ungraciouſly, ſhe aſſented. The viſit had now been prolonged beyond the uſual limits of a morning viſit. With a profuſion of fine ſpeeches to their relations therefore, among which thoſe of young Ludford to Ethelinde were diſtinguiſhed by their pompous abſurdity, the family of Ludford ordered their equipages and departed.

CHAPTER VIII.

THAT poignant ridicule in which Lord Danesforte excelled, and which made him generally accounted ſo extremely entertaining, he now exerted to place the departed viſitors in the moſt abſurd light. Ethelinde, though the oſtentatious vanity of her aunt, and the affectation of her couſin, were extremely diſpleaſing to her, and though ſhe ſaw all the abſurdity of the young mercantile *bel eſprit*, was yet hurt that Lady Newenden conſidered ſo little that they were nearly related to herſelf, and that much allowance ſhould be made for different modes of life. That they all ſeemed deſirous of ſtepping out of their's, rendered them undoubtedly ridiculous; yet did not Ethelinde love to hear her couſin, who had hitherto ſo much diſliked viſiting them, declare that ſhe

ſhe ſhould enjoy the dining there of all things.—A change occaſioned ſolely by the pleaſure ſhe found in gratifying the ſatyrical talents of Lord Danesforte with ſuch ample matter for their diſplay. Before his Lordſhip and Lady Newenden had exhauſted all the amuſement the group afforded them, Ethelinde was more weary of them than ſhe had been of the objects of their ridicule, and left them to enjoy it alone. Sir Edward had long before retired; and again Lord Danesforte had occaſion, though obliquely, to point out to Lady Newenden that neither of them remained in company a moment longer than they could poſſibly avoid.

"Don't you, my Lord, envy their tête à têtes?" ſaid ſhe. "Don't you think the ſentimental, the delicate, the even prudiſh Ethelinde, vaſtly in character in liſtening to the ſoft ſpeeches of a married man?"

"I am glad you ſee it in ſo proper a light. It is indeed ridiculous. Since your

underſtanding is too good to allow ſuch folly to give you a moment's pain, I may venture to ſay that the affair becomes ſo notorious that it will ſoon be the public talk."

"With all my heart. I ſhall not even then figure in the ridiculous character of a jealous wife. I am provoked at Cheſterville; who having borrowed money of Sir Edward, will not ſee what is ſo viſible to every body elſe. I ſuppoſe he expects a farther loan as the price of his ſilence and complaiſance."

"*Tant meiux, ma belle amie*: for as we win the money as faſt as he borrows it, the advantage you know is finally ours."

"But whoſe will be the advantage when we quit this place?"

"*Que cela nous importe?* Shall I invite the Colonel and his fair daughter to Danesforte?"

"Certainly, if *you* find amuſement in their company."

"That is out of the queſtion. But it is

is always a point with me to gratify my friends. The golden rule, my dear Lady N. do as you would be done by. Therefore if Sir Edward would be made happy, and our parties be made up, you know."—

"You are miſtaken as to Sir Edward. He goes not to Danesforte."

"Indeed!"

"No—And he has been at a diſtance attempting to diſſuade me from going."

"Impoſſible!"

"True, I aſſure you.—But I gave him no manner of applauſe."

"Why, what can he poſſibly mean by it?"

"I am indifferent as to that. He has contrived, however, to perſuade my father to think as he does, that it would be improper to go: but my mother, who is ſeldom determined on a point ſhe does not carry, inſiſts on his not breathing a word to you. In order, however, to put the matter out of diſpute, I ſhall fix on this day ſe'nnight for my departure. My father

and Sir Edward may ſtay here if they will, enjoying *les delices du ſentiment* with the *family party*, of which we are to have a ſecond *echantillon* on Thurſday."

Her Ladyſhip then went to her toilet, and Lord Danesforte as uſual attended her.

Ethelinde paſſed the next two days as ſhe had done ſo many others, in thinking with tender regret of Montgomery, with painful ſolicitude of her father and her brother, and with encreaſing diſguſt of Lord Danesforte and Davenant. The latter was now become profeſſedly a man of ton: he ſeemed more diſpoſed to vilify and ridicule her for not accepting his proffered regard, than again to renew his offers; but in doing the firſt he would have hazarded incurring the reſentment of Colonel Cheſterville; in the ſecond, his talents were ſo ſlender, that he ſeldom ventured beyond a repetition of ſome *confounded* good thing that he had heard uttered by Lord Danesforte, which, interlarded with many oaths, and

and ſomewhat marred in the telling, ſometimes paſſed for his own.

He had now learned, with little change of countenance, to loſe his thouſands; to get every night ſo extremely intoxicated, that the ſmall ſhare of underſtanding he poſſeſſed he had never perfectly at his command; to ſwear vollies of oaths for every trifle; and to dreſs ſometimes like a dirty groom, and ſometimes like a ridiculous *petit maitre*; to ſay every thing to every body; to be careleſs of the opinion of half the world, or rather to deſpiſe it, that the other half might pronounce him a man of the very firſt ſtyle.

Thus qualified to obtain applauſe, he no longer ſolicited but demanded it; and far from treating Ethelinde with the humility of a lover, in hopes of ſome change in his favour, he ſeemed haughtily to reſent that want of diſcernment, which had made her refuſe an offer he was no longer in a humour to repeat.

Lord Danesforte, who had found him

an admirable ſcholar, and whoſe inſtructions had been repaid by very conſiderable winnings, now ſaw that his purpoſe would be effected quite as well without promoting the match with Ethelinde; for it was evident that Colonel Cheſterville was undone; that he had been a while ſaved by the interpoſition of Sir Edward Newenden, but that nothing could cure him of his propenſity to play; and that the time was rapidly approaching, when Ethelinde would probably be deprived of her father's protection by the embarraſſment of his circumſtances; and of that of Sir Edward Newenden, by the invidious light in which the eye of deſigning malignity choſe to behold his affection for her. Then he doubted not but that, deſerted and impoveriſhed, her reſerve, her pride and her feelings, would be levelled to her circumſtances, and that his partiality to her would be received with gratitude, inſtead of being repulſed with ſcorn.

The day now arrived when the whole party, in

in which Lord Danesforte was of course included, were to dine at Ludford House; and Ethelinde knew that there was no hope of her being excused, however unfit she was in spirits, as she could no longer plead illness. Lady Newenden went in an undress, to shew her contempt for the magnificence which she supposed would be lavishly displayed by her monied relations; but Ethelinde, who knew that they expected that sort of compliment, went rather more drest than was her usual custom. Ornament could add nothing to her interesting and beautiful face; or a figure which was at once femininely soft, and commandingly graceful: tho' not yet in high health, she never was more lovely. Sir Edward, who would have beheld the fairest form with indifference, unanimated by such a soul as her's, gazed at her as a model of perfection, sent on earth "to shew what angels are;" and Colonel Chesterville, little imagining that he was adding to the torments of his friend, yielded to the tender

der and enthuſiaſtic admiration with which he beheld his daughter, and broke forth in her praiſe. He was ſitting with Sir Edward, waiting for the ladies, when Ethelinde came down dreſſed; but having forgotten to put on her cloak ſhe went back to fetch it. As ſhe left the room her father exclaimed—"how charmingly Ethy looks; how much within this fortnight is ſhe recovered."

"She is indeed," anſwered Sir Edward, ſuppreſſing a ſigh, "a very charming young woman."

"Such," ſaid Colonel Cheſterville, his eyes filling with tears as he ſpoke, "ſuch was her mother five and twenty years ago. Yet even of her, celebrated as ſhe was for beauty, my daughter has the advantage."

"Exquiſite as is her perſon," reaſſumed Sir Edward, "her mind is even ſuperior to it; and the lovely blooming Ethelinde we juſt now ſaw, dreſſed as for a ſcene of gaiety, is in my mind a leſs ſoul-attracting object,

object, than the Ethelinde I beheld a few weeks ſince, hanging over the bed of a dying infant at the riſk of her own life, and performing the tender offices of the parent who was, but who ought not to have been, abſent."

This image affected Sir Edward as much as the remembrance of his wife, and his fondneſs for his daughter, had before affected the Colonel; and the latter, uneaſy to ſee (not for the firſt time) that Lady Newenden's conduct, in regard to her child, had made an unfavourable and laſting impreſſion on Sir Edward, was ready to cry out "conſider it not ſo deeply," when their converſation was put an end to by the entrance of Lady Newenden and Ethelinde, who were ready to depart.

A very ſhort time brought them to Ludford Houſe; built by its preſent poſſeſſor, in a ſituation the very worſt he could have choſen on the eſtate. The building was ſubſtantial and expenſive; but heavy and inelegant. Servants, whoſe appearance bore

bore teſtimony to their good living, were ſeen in unneceſſary numbers; and their liveries, though ill fancied, were ſumptuous; it being an eſtabliſhed maxim with Mrs. Ludford to have "the beſt of every thing."

The dinner, which was in the ſame ſtyle of the houſe, conſiſted of ſuch a profuſion of good things as would have entertained the whole corporation of Briſtol. Mr. Ludford, who now fancied himſelf a country gentleman, informed the company that the beef was fatted on his own farm, and in a peculiar manner; that the mutton was of a breed, whoſe fleſh had a finer flavour than that of common ſheep; and that the pork was fed on Indian corn, from the Weſt Indies. The Lady of the houſe exerted herſelf in doing the honours of the table with a zeal more ardent than is now very uſual. But Miſs Clarinthia, delighted with Lord Danesforte's attention to her, thought only of ſecuring a conqueſt ſhe was perſuaded ſhe had made. Coronets and

and titles had taken ſtrange poſſeſſion of her brain; and ever ſince ſhe firſt ſaw, and was noticed by him, a young Weſt Indian, a ward of her father's, for whom ſhe had long entertained a gentle ſympathetic affection, (not the leſs tender for its being diſapproved by her papa) was entirely forgotten, or thought of only with pity; for this divine nobleman appeared in her ſlumbers, and occupied her day dreams. She little imagined that he addreſſed to her the moſt extravagant compliments with no other view than to amuſe Lady Newenden: while ſhe herſelf found a counterpart for this entertainment in the aſſiduity and foppiſh gallantry of her little ſmart couſin, Mr. Rupert Ludford, who, placing himſelf between her and Miſs Cheſterville, ſaid a thouſand ridiculous things, mingled with ſcraps of French, on the happineſs of his preſent ſituation, and of the pride with which he contemplated beauty to which he was ſo nearly allied. The dinner, however ſlowly and heavily

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it paſſed, being at length over, and the ladies retired to a magnificent drawing room, Mrs. Ludford took an opportunity of addreſſing herſelf particularly to Ethelinde, towards whom ſhe had hitherto behaved rather as a new acquaintance than as ſo near a relation.

"So, my dear," ſaid ſhe, taking the hand of her niece, "you are at preſent with your couſin? Pray how long have you been with her?"

"Almoſt the whole of the paſſed Summer, Madam."

"I am glad of it, child; for a young perſon is awkwardly ſituated without a *chapperoon*. I have wondered ſometimes that Mr. Cheſterville did not place you ſomewhere or other."

"Place me, Madam?" ſaid Ethelinde, ſomewhat ſurpriſed.

"Yes, my dear," continued her aunt; "place you with ſome female friend, or ſome lady who would like you for a companion. A ſingle man like your father, who

who is ſo much out, muſt have found it *illconvenient* I ſhould think, and beſides not ſo prudent for you, at your time of life, to be living about."

" I believe, Madam, there are few fathers more attentive, as I have ever found mine, both to general propriety and to the particular happineſs of his daughter."

" Oh I dare ſay ſo, my dear; but gentlemen in the army are uſed to that ſort of life that is not I think quite the thing for a young woman. Indeed I often wondered how my poor ſiſter Ethy could ſubmit to it; but ſhe cared for nothing but a red coat. Poor dear girl, ſhe ſuffered enough going about from place to place; never a ſettled home, and every thing always at ſixes and ſevens, and died at laſt I believe becauſe of her long ſtay in thoſe places in Spain and Turkey, and I don't know where abroad, that quite ruined her health. Pray, my dear, where's your brother?

ther? I hope he turns out a good ſort of a young man."

"Yes, ma'am," ſaid the piqued and diſguſted Ethelinde.

"He does, does he? I'm glad to hear it—I haven't ſeen him I believe this nine year. He's older than you, e'ent he?"

Ethelinde, more and more hurt, as ſhe knew this affected pity and affected forgetfulneſs was the mere inſolence of purſe proud proſperity, anſwered more coldly "above five years older, Madam."

"Ay true, ſo he is; I remember now, all the reſt of Ethy's children died. 'Twas well they did; though I recollect, poor ſoul, that ſhe pined ſadly about it; but with Mr. Cheſterville's ſmall income to be ſure a large family would have been mighty difficult to ſupport."

Ethelinde could no longer conceal her vexation. Her aunt perceived it, and went on.

"I don't mean, my love, to make you uneaſy; far from it. Nobody ſhould value

lue themſelves upon their affluence, as I often ſay to Miſs Ludford, but ſhould be thankful for it; eſpecially when they ſee that let people have what birth and beauty they will, 'twill not make em reſpectable without money; and that made me ſorry when Mr. Cheſterville refuſed to let your brother come 'prentice to Mr. Ludford ſome years ago; when to oblige me, and becauſe he was my nephew, my huſband would have taken him with a low premium, and have given him a chance for a ſhare of the buſineſs with Bobby."

Ethelinde, inſtead of expreſſing gratitude, anſwered only by a cold bow; and Mrs. Ludford kindly continued.

" I believe however the truth of the matter was, that your father did not care that a lad who had an Earl for his grandfather ſhould be a merchant; ſo rather than ſee him rich in a counting houſe, he has ſent him to wander about the world, as he did himſelf, with a knapſack behind him.

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It was with the utmoſt difficulty Ethelinde repreſſed the tears of vexation and anger which this groſs and unfeeling converſation excited; but contempt aſſiſting her to ſubdue them, ſhe liſtened ſtill quietly to the rude and unpleaſant diſcourſe, which thus proceeded.

"I ſuppoſe ſince you are in this country that your father will let you go ſee your eldeſt uncle Maltravers."

"Certainly, Madam; it is my father's wiſh and mine to ſhew all reſpect to every part of my mother's family. I believe Lady Newenden and Sir Edward intend to go, as well as my uncle John Maltravers and his lady."

"I hope ſo; for I've no notion of people's being above their original. Beſides I aſſure you, though when your mother married ſhe thought it I believe a great thing to marry *an honourable*, yet her own family was far from contemptible; and though brother John has had ſuch great luck in *Ingee*, yet I dare to ſay that he's

he's not ſo ſet up with it, or with a bit of a title that he has married his daughter to, as to think it derogating to him to remember Burton-Maltravers where he was born and bred, and where his grandfather and great great grand father have lived time out of mind."

"Aſſuredly not, Madam."

"Well I'm glad of it. So you are to live with Lady Newenden, are you?"

"No, Madam; when her Ladyſhip leaves the Hot Wells, I go with my father to Bath."

"To Bath do you? What!—I ſuppoſe your father likes Bath on account of the *ſort of ſociety* ſo eaſy to meet with there?"

Ethelinde could not be ignorant that Mrs. Ludford alluded to the Colonel's love of play; ſhe was too much hurt to command her feelings, and would probably have anſwered with a tartneſs which would have been very diſpleaſing to her aunt had not Miſs Ludford, who had been

been the greater part of the time in converſation with Mrs. Maltravers and Lady Newenden in another room, now fortunately relieved her.

The relief was not leſs felt by Lady Newenden and her mother, who had been worn to death with the ſight of all Miſs Ludford's ingenious productions, in ſhell work, in wafer work, in filligree and coloured paper. Theſe ſhe fancied had greatly amuſed *them*; for Ethelinde, of whoſe taſte and talents ſhe had heard much, ſhe reſerved her muſic, her poetry, and her eſſays in proſe. No ſooner therefore were the other two ladies engaged in converſation with her mother, than poor Ethelinde was fated to undergo a new ſpecies of torment. Miſs Clarinthia, having invited her into her own dreſſing room, thus began.

"My deareſt girl, you cannot figure to yourſelf how delighted I am to get you for a moment alone; for I have ten thouſand queſtions to aſk you, and ten thouſand things to

tell you. What is the matter, my dear creature? You look out of ſpirits."

"Nothing in the world," ſaid Ethelinde; "but that at times I ſtill feel the effects of my late illneſs."

"Dear how ſorry I am. Do you know that ill or well, you are exceſſively charming, and have made two conqueſts already."

"Indeed!" anſwered Ethelinde, to whom no ſuch intelligence, even better authenticated, would have given the ſlighteſt emotion.

"Yes, indeed; my brother, the diſcerning, the critical Rupert, declared the moment he came home the other day, that you was the prettieſt creature he ever ſaw."

"Really."

"And that animal, Emmerſley, though almoſt a profeſt flirt of mine, has the aſſurance to ſay he is dying for you."

"Nonſenſe. Pray con't repeat ſuch ſilly common place ſpeeches; but ſhew me

me the drawings and work you were talking of."

"No, no, I have other buſineſs for you. Tell me, for I long to know, is there nobody you are partial to? have you no *penchant?* no little affair of the heart?"

"No, indeed!" cried Ethelinde, bluſhing deeply.

"My dear Ethelinde, it is not eaſy to believe you? So lovely, is it probable you ſhould not be beloved? ſo gentle, is it poſſible you ſhould not be ſuſceptible of the tender paſſion?"

The tone and air with which this was ſaid exciting the riſibility of Ethelinde, conquered for a moment the fretfulneſs which ſo much abſurdity produced; ſhe could not help ſmiling, and anſwered that ſhe really thought it time enough to conſider of love affairs, and that hitherto ſhe had found ſufficient occupation in learning what her father choſe to have her taught, and in attending on him.

"You are a dear good ſoul; but you cannot

cannot make me believe you have never felt a partiality. What do you think of Lord Danesforte?—Is he not charming?"

"Very much otherwiſe, in my eyes."

"What! don't you think him one of the higheſt bred, moſt elegant, enchanting men in the world?"

"No."

"No!——Pray where will you find any body like him?"

"Not eaſily I believe. But ſingularity is with me no recommendation."

"Lord that is vaſtly odd. Now I think he's quite a modern Lovelace. So much wit; ſo much vivacity; ſuch a vein of pleaſantry."

"That you long to be a modern Clariſſa; by way of companion."

"No in truth; I am not quite ſo vain neither; but couſin——tell me, if Lord Danesforte is not the thing, who is?"

"Sir Edward Newenden. With a

much handſomer perſon, he has a finer underſtanding and a more worthy heart."

"Pooh! but he is married you know."

"Is he therefore leſs eſtimable?"

"No, I believe not; but one never thinks of thoſe grave cooped up people as being agreeable or otherwiſe. Beſides whatever power of entertainment Sir Edward has, he either keeps to himſelf or beſtows on the gentlemen. Lord how tireſome he talked with my father to-day about Scotch cattle and Welch cattle, as if he had been a drover."

"Becauſe he ſaw the converſation acceptable to your father."

"Then he entered into a diſſertation on the Roman law with Emmerſley; and I am ſure 'twas not acceptable to *him*, for he left him, poor dog, behind in a moment; and the good ſelf-ſufficient little man, who thought to have ſet forth his knowledge to amaze us all, looked preſently like a ſimpleton, and was glad to get off the ground. All that is very clever I believe, but

but it's alſo very tireſome: now I like a man, who the moment he comes into a room where ladies are, has no eyes, nor ears, nor thoughts, but to contribute to their amuſement, and to perſuade them he is amuſed himſelf."

"Lord Danesforte then is well accompliſhed to charm you."

"He is; and if I could wholly diveſt myſelf of one little, one unfortunate penchant, I proteſt I ſhould be half in love with him."

"You had better keep to your old penchant, my dear couſin, for I aſſure you Lord Danesforte is a Lovelace in more than his outward behaviour."

"And to ſuch a man you think Clarinthia Ludford has, can have no pretenſions."

"Pardon me, I was far from meaning to ſay that, if you allude either to his title or his fortune; but I do not think Lord Danesforte the man whoſe moral

character entitles him to the good opinion of my couſin."

"Oh! would to heaven he would try that opinion! But probably he is engaged to ſome woman of quality?"

"Really I do not know; but if you are ſo deſirous of ſeeing more of him, ſuppoſe you were to join the party who are going to Danesfort, where there are to be I know not what amuſements."

"How I ſhould like it! But I am ſure my mother would oppoſe it. Beſides tis not likely I ſhall be aſked."

"If you wiſh really to go, I am perſuaded my Lord would be rejoiced to have your company."

"My deareſt ſoul do you really think ſo? Lord, how vaſtly delightful it would be!"

"There are to be theatrical exhibitions, balls, and I know not what elſe."

"Dear, how charming! I dare ſay Rupert will get aſked, and will write the prologues and epilogues ſo delightfully! I am

I am half wild with the thoughts of it. Don't you long for the time?"

"I do not go."

"Not go——and ſurvive the certainty of not going!"

"With the moſt perfect compoſure," replied Ethelinde; "and not only ſurvive it, but am much happier than if I did go."

"Lord, you are the ſtrangeſt girl!—and pray why do you ſtay away?"

"Becauſe my father wants me with him at Bath; and becauſe I do not love ſuch tumultuous parties."

"Well that is amazing. But Ethy, we ſhall meet again, ſhall we not, to talk this matter over before the time?"

"Certainly; and in the interim depend on the party, for I am ſure Lady Newenden will be glad of your company."

A ſummons to Miſs Ludford to go down to make tea, now put an end to the dialogue. The gentlemen were aſſembled

in the drawing room; Mr. Ludford had again engaged Sir Edward in a diſcourſe on farming; in one corner of the room Mrs. Maltravers was relating the luxurious magnificence to which ſhe was accuſtomed in the Eaſt to Mrs. Ludford, and inflaming her ambition by the detail of ſhawls and embroidered muſlins in which even her ſlaves were dreſſed; another group was Mr. Maltravers impatiently and teſtily defending the ſlave trade againſt the judicial knowledge of Mr. Emmerſley, and the ſentimental oratory of Mr. Robert Ludford; while Davenant and Lord Danesforte had taken a pack of the cards which lay on the table ready for whiſt, and were eagerly ſet in on a corner of it to lanſquenet. The entrance of the tea table and the young ladies broke the chain of argument into which Mr. Robert was juſt entering, and he declared that he muſt leave the defence of the liberty of others while he found his own in ſuch imminent danger; and with this gallant decla-

declaration he placed himſelf behind Ethelinde, and thus addreſſed her, leaning over the back of her chair:

" Well might, alas! the threaten'd veſſel fail,
" When winds and lightening both at once prevail!"

She turned ſuddenly towards him, with a look expreſſive of ſome ſurpriſe.

Exactly in that ſituation," ſaid Mr. Rupert, " I find myſelf. The wind, is my natural affection for you; a ſort of ſenſe which ſtifles every other idea; the lightening, thoſe brilliant eyes, which give me the exact ſenſation of being electrified."

There was in this ſpeech ſomething ſo groteſque that Ethelinde could not help ſmiling. The young man took it as a ſymptom of her approbation, and went on:

" It is rather cruel upon me to be attacked thus both ways: as my couſin, you know I muſt have felt a ſympathetic affection, amounting however only to tender friendſhip; but as the loveliеſt woman I ever ſaw, my friendſhip amounts to adoration."

"If I knew at all," ſaid Ethelinde, "the ſort of anſwer you expect to theſe compliments, I would endeavour to give ſuch as might convince you I am ſenſible of their value; but really I am ſo little accuſtomed to hear any thing *ſo* ſublime ——"

"Make room for me by you," cried the elated beau, whoſe exceſſive vanity prevented him from ſeeing that he excited in Ethelinde only pity and contempt, "and let me talk to you."

To exerciſe at once his agility and his talents, he now jumped over the chairs on which his ſiſter and Ethelinde ſat, and placed himſelf with great compoſure between them. "Now," ſaid he, "taking the hand of Ethelinde on one ſide and of his ſiſter on the other, "here is a little conſtellation of talents. Methinks I feel like Apollo, with a Muſe on each ſide. But my dear couſin, you have too much of the Melpomene: do you never ſmile?"

"Oh, very frequently."

"I wiſh I could ſee it; though you would

would be vaſtly too enchanting if you *was* diveſted of that pretty prudiſh air. Did you ever ſee the verſes that I wrote on a lady; a very fine girl, upon my honor, who was much celebrated here laſt year?"

"Never that I recollect."

"I wonder at that; for they were in all the newſpapers and magazines. A friend of mine—friends, you know, will be indiſcreet—ſtole a copy; and ſent them to all the prints, under the name of 'the modern Petrarch.' I am almoſt tempted to repeat to you one ſtanza."

"You will oblige me."

"Lo! Senſibility with *iron fang*,
Doth on my palpitating heart-ſtrings hang,
As more and more thy dulcet charms appear,
And *tiptoe* Admiration's ardent gaze
Counts all thy beauties o'er in much amaze,
And ſtrikes my heart, and *rouſes to a tear*."

"Are they not exquiſite?" ſaid Miſs Ludford. "You cannot imagine what applauſe Rupert got for them; till it was known who did them, the moſt celebrated

names had the credit of them, and the papers were full of conjectures."

"Oh a trifle," interrupted Mr. Rupert, unworthy Miſs Cheſterville's attention, but as they are applicable to beauty yet more eminent than that they were intended to celebrate."

Ethelinde was by this time ſo extremely weary that ſhe found the utmoſt exertion of her complaiſance hardly equal to the taſk of concealing it; yet to ſmile and appear pleaſed at the folly and vanity of her couſins, was leſs irkſome and uneaſy than to liſten with attention and good humour to her aunt's inſulting kindneſs. Lord Danesforte now approached the young mercantile poet; and ſeizing with avidity the ridiculous traits of his and his ſiſter's characters, he gave them ſuch ample opportunity to diſplay them, that intoxicated with his attention, they became more abſurd than ever; and Ethelinde, though ſhe could not thoroughly approve his conduct, could not forbear ſmiling at the admirable

admirable effect of his flattery. But ſhe was not long ſuffered to be amuſed with it; for Mrs. Ludford, not willing, perhaps, that ſhe ſhould ſhare with Clarinthia any part of his Lordſhip's admiration, now left Lady Newenden and Mrs. Maltravers, and again addreſſed herſelf to her niece.

"Pray, child," ſaid ſhe, "have you any ſcheme of life after you leave Bath?"

"Madam!"

"I ſay, niece, what does your father propoſe doing with you?"

"Nothing more, Madam, than what he has hitherto done."

"But I underſtand that his affairs are not in a good *ſituation*. I hope for your ſake, child, that I have been miſinformed."

"Whatever is their ſituation, Madam, I ſhall be content with any manner of life which may be neceſſary for my father to embrace: ſo long as I am with *him*, I ſhall not only be content but happy."

"Well, I am glad you're ſo reſigned. However, niece, if he ſhould find it *illconvenient*

venient to have you with him at any time, I ſhall be glad to have you here for a month or two, as I always wiſh to be kind to my relations."

"I thank you, Madam," ſaid Ethelinde, bowing with great coldneſs.

"One thing more let me ſay to you—As your mother's eldeſt ſiſter, I have ſome right to give you my advice."

Again Ethelinde bowed: and ſpeaking lower, the good lady proceeded—

"Lady Newenden is quite, you know, in high life, and lives among the great that think nothing of gaiety and odd connections; but you are a young woman; and having your fortune to make, ſhould be more careful of the opinion of the world, eſpecially of prudent diſcerning people."

"I hope, Madam, I have done nothing to render ſuch a caution particularly neceſſary to me."

"I hope not, niece Cheſterville: but a young perſon in your *ſituation* cannot be too

too careful. Sir Edward is a man, to be ſure, of good character and all that; yet too much notice taken of a young woman who lives in the houſe with him, by a *married* man, is not much to her advantage in the *idears* of people of reflection."

Ethelinde at theſe words grew pale and trembled; ſo poſſible is it for innocence to wear the appearance of guilt. All that Lord Danesforte had hinted at now came into her mind; and ſhocked to find that he had gone farther, and dared to utter to others what no heart but his own would have conceived, ſhe could not conceal the torturing uneaſineſs which the fear of ſuch a report gave her; ſhe could not immediately ſpeak; and while ſhe was meditating, her aunt reaſſumed her lecture.

"I don't wiſh, child, to make you uneaſy, as I told you before; but it is my duty, as you have no other woman relation older than myſelf, to tell you that people don't ſcruple to ſay ſtrange things not

not only of Lady Newenden, with whom Lord Danesforte it ſeems lives almoſt always, but of Sir Edward and you."

"I am ſure, Madam—I am"—heſitated Ethelinde.

"Nay it will go no farther for me, of courſe. But one cannot hear ſuch things of ones own family to be ſure without ſpeaking about it; ſo if you leave the Newenden's, as I ſuppoſe you will, and chuſe to come to me, I repeat to you niece, that I ſhall be glad to have you, and ſo will Clary."

This inſulting pity, as well as the imputed error, ſerved to overcome the ſpirits of Ethelinde. She would hardly have concealed the painful emotion ſhe felt, from the notice of the company, if the arrival of the coaches at the door, which Lady Newenden had ordered early, had not fortunately relieved her. They now hurried away: and when Mrs. Ludford preſſed her Ladyſhip to give her the honour of yet another day

at

at Ludford Houſe, ſhe anſwered, that it would hardly be in her power, as in two days ſhe left the Hotwells, and was going to Danesforte Caſtle in Glouceſterſhire.

Ethelinde, who went with Sir Edward and Davenant in the laſt coach, hardly ſpoke the whole way: Davenant talked of the houſe they had juſt left; condemned its taſte; and told Sir Edward the advice he had received from an eminent improver about his own, which he intended to alter in the modern method. But he had the whole converſation to himſelf: Sir Edward, whoſe uneaſineſs at Lady Newenden's conduct grew every day more inſupportable, had heard, in his conſtant attention to Ethelinde, great part of what her aunt had ſaid to her: he appeared to be liſtening to a long hiſtory of the importation of ginger and aloes to the port of Briſtol, which Mr. Ludford was giving to Mr. Maltravers; but the change of Ethelinde's countenance made him

him attentive to a very different ſubject; and his pain on her account could only be equalled by the indignation he felt at being aſſured that the indiſcreet and improper intimacy of his wife with Lord Danesforte had already expoſed her conduct to conſtructions moſt fatal to her honour and his own.

CHAP.

CHAPTER IX.

SIR Edward, who had for ſome time determined to put an end at once to the project of going to Danesforte, (and who found Mr. Maltravers averſe to any interference, ſo accuſtomed was he to indulge his daughter in all her wiſhes,) now meditated how to accompliſh his purpoſe. He had already attempted to diſſuade Lady Newenden from it; but was by the attempt only rendered more ſenſible that he had no longer any power over her affections. He had then recourſe to her mother; but far from finding from her either conſideration or reaſon, ſhe told him that ſhe was amazed at his attempting to contradict Lady Newenden, who had ſo good a right to pleaſe herſelf. That there could be only one reaſon for his objections, originating in a ridiculous jealouſy, not more injurious

injurious to her daughter than unworthy of himſelf; that as ſhe ſhould be with Lady Newenden, he need not himſelf go, if it was unpleaſant to him, but might go back with Mr. Maltravers and the children; "unleſs," added ſhe, "you prefer ſtaying with *your friend the Colonel and his fair daughter.*"

Contempt ſtifled the anger riſing in the boſom of Sir Edward, and he turned ſilently away, reſolving more decidedly than before to leave his honor no longer in the power of a woman educated under a mother ſo weak and vain, that time had diminiſhed her perſonal advantages without giving her ſenſe enough to diſcover their diminution, or to replace them by reaſon and reflection; but who was ſtill ſo perſuaded of their potency, that ſhe hazarded even the reputation of her daughter, and the peace of her family, to the ridiculous gratification of hearing herſelf told, as ſhe frequently was by Lord Danesforte, that beautiful as Lady Newen-

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den was, ſhe was herſelf ſtill handſomer; that one was the dazzling brightneſs of morning, the other the glowing ſplendour of meridian day. When ſpeeches ſo ſoothing to her reigning paſſion were oppoſed to the harſh truths with which Mr. Maltravers loved to mortify the vanity of his wife, it was not ſurpriſing that to a mind like her's, all improprieties were overlooked, and that the honor and peace of Sir Edward were light in the balance, if indeed ſhe ever at all conſidered either.

Beſides the arrangement which had long ſince been made with Lady Newenden, Lord Danesforte had another very concluſive reaſon for wiſhing a continuance of a party ſo profitable as he had found her's; having by bets and various other modes won of Davenant above ten thouſand pounds ſince they had been ſo frequently together; and while he had ſtill ſo much ready money remaining, his Lordſhip had no inclination to let his young friend paſs into other hands. As Davenant was now his

own

own maſter, Sir Edward had no other means to prevent this than remonſtrance and entreaty; but Davenant ſeldom gave him an opportunity to try the efficacy of either; for they now never met but in mixed company, though Davenant was almoſt always at the houſe; and of late Sir Edward had fled from the ſociety which had deſtroyed his peace, and ſhut himſelf up in his own room: which, whenever his abſence was remarked, gave occaſion to Lord Danesforte to obſerve to Lady Newenden that the inſeparable couſins no longer kept up any appearance of reſerve.

Theſe hints however, and theſe ſuſpicions, were carefully concealed from Colonel Cheſterville; who, though he was too frequently of their parties, had not the moſt diſtant idea either of the attachment formed between Lady Newenden and her noble friend, or that which they ſo unjuſtly affected to believe ſubſiſted between Sir Edward and his daughter. The Colonel,

nel, whoſe unhappy fondneſs for play was the only blemiſh in his character, had yet, notwithſtanding all its fatal conſequences, the propenſity as ſtrong as ever; and under the idea of a family party he had indulged it, without however in the preſent inſtance ſuffering by it, for he was in ſome degree a winner; but Sir Edward could not, without extreme concern, behold the fatal infatuation which, in ſpite of reaſon, experience, and conviction, impelled him to gratify this paſſion at the hazard of his own happineſs—of happineſs yet dearer to him, that of his daughter.

Every circumſtance therefore concurred; his juſt apprehenſions for his own honor, for the honor of his children, his indignation at Davenant's loſſes, and his concern for Colonel Cheſterville, to determine Sir Edward againſt ſuffering the continuance of this dangerous, this improper connection. He had already tried all that reaſon, that tenderneſs could effect, in vain,

and

and he now, with whatever reluctance, reſolved on that which appeared the only method left to cruſh it at once, by aſſuming what he had never yet done, the authority of an huſband.

The morning after their viſit to the family of the Ludfords, Mr. and Mrs. Maltravers and Lady Newenden all aſſembled about half paſt eleven to breaſtfaſt; Ethelinde, though ſhe had before breakfaſted, attended to make the tea. Colonel Cheſterville, who had taken his breakfaſt with her, was gone out on horſeback. The remaining party were already round the table; and regulating their journey for the next day, when they propoſed ſetting out for Danesforte, when Sir Edward entered the room; and without ſpeaking to any body, but ſlightly bowing to Mr. and Mrs. Maltravers, ſeated himſelf at the table.

Lady Newenden continued to ſpeak—"I imagine we ſhall get there by Friday. Saturday and Sunday will be requiſite for a little

a little reſt; and on Monday we begin rehearſing a play. Sir Edward, do you intend to go with us, or come after us?"

"Neither, Madam."

"Then we muſt do without you. My Lord wiſhed you to have taken a part."

"The part I *have* taken already, Madam, is ſufficiently ridiculous."

"To be out of humour certainly is ridiculous enough. 'Tis really curious to find you giving yourſelf ſuch airs, by way of making, if you can, my party unpleaſant to me."

"Lady Newenden," ſaid Sir Edward, in as firm a voice as he could command; "I dare venture to appeal to Mr. and Mrs. Maltravers now preſent, whether I have ever, ſince we were married, contradicted any one wiſh of your heart. Your will has been my law. You know beſt, Madam, in how many circumſtances, eſſential to happineſs, our taſtes and tempers have differed; but my happineſs and my peace I have ſacrificed without a murmur.

murmur. Excuſe me if I go no farther; my honour——is not to be ſo tamely yielded."

"Your honour, Sir!—Pray what do you mean?"

"My meaning, Lady Newenden, is ſimply this—that Lord Danesforte's intimacy at my houſe is diſagreeable to me; it is ſcandalous in the eyes of the world; and I am determined to put an immediate end to it."

"I beg Sir Edward," ſaid Mr. Maltravers, with great agitation, "that this may be explained. Maria, my angel, be not ſo affected. Sir Edward is too warm. Sir Edward, I beg you will explain yourſelf."

"No Sir," ſaid Lady Newenden, finding her father thus ready to defend her—"no explanation of my conduct is neceſſary. I ſcorn his odious ſuſpicions, and deſpiſe his meanneſs, which dares—" (and paſſion almoſt choaked her utterance) —"dares to caſt thus fearleſsly a blot on

my

my character, to hide his own odious and infamous partiality to a young woman whom I have ſo ſimply ſuffered to remain in my houſe——to you, Miſs Cheſterville!"

The ſudden accuſation, and the violence of voice and geſture which accompanied it, amazed and ſhocked Ethelinde ſo much, that ſhe let fall the tea cup ſhe held; and trembling and pale as death, ſhe awaited to hear who ſhould next ſpeak, quite unable to ſpeak herſelf.

"Don't diſcompoſe yourſelf, Maria," ſaid Mrs. Maltravers, half weeping—— "don't flurry yourſelf, child. Sir Edward, I am ſhocked and aſhamed———"

"And I, Madam, 'am ſhocked and aſhamed that Lady Newenden ſhould be ſo loſt to all feeling, to all delicacy, as to attempt to excuſe her own foibles by this aggravating, baſe accuſation of the innocent—of her own relation!"

A convulſive laugh compounded of contempt and rage now broke from Lady

Newenden, and with a ſmile, where indignation and ſcorn were mingled, ſhe cried—"I thank you *good* Sir Edward for all your *attention* to *my relation*—all ariſing, no doubt, from pure love to *me*—Your long tête à tête; your conſtant ſolicitude for her; your total neglect of every body elſe; and laſt, not leaſt, you generouſly and properly laviſhing the money *I brought you* on this favourite couſin and her father."

Ethelinde was now ſo much terrified, that ſhe no longer knew what ſhe did; but ran haſtily out of the room without knowing for what; and in the hall meeting her father, who was that inſtant returned, ſhe threw herſelf into his arms, and fell into an agony of tears, as aſtoniſhing as diſtreſſing to him. "Good God! my love, what is the matter?" cried he extremely terrified, "tell me what has happened—tell me—your brother, have you heard any thing alarming of him?"

"Oh! no! no! Take me from hence —Aſk

—Aſk nothing—But take me inſtantly from hence!"

"What can this poſſibly mean?" exclaimed Colonel Cheſterville, more and more amazed. "Sit down, Ethelinde: compoſe yourſelf and tell me."

Ethelinde knew that an explanation muſt be attended with the moſt diſtreſſing circumſtances to all parties, yet ſaw that to evade it was impoſſible; and before ſhe had time to deliberate, or to recollect herſelf, Sir Edward, his eyes inflamed, his look confuſed, and his ſtep hurried and faultering, ruſhed acroſs them. Colonel Cheſterville caught his arm. "My dear Sir Edward," cried he, ſtill ſupporting the weeping Ethelinde, "tell me, I beſeech you, what has happened?"

"Your daughter," ſternly and aloud he anſwered, "has been cruelly, infamouſly inſulted and traduced—and I am—the moſt miſerable of men."

He would then have paſſed on, without being conſcious of any particular de-

ſign, ſo cruelly was he agitated; but Cheſterville, high ſpirited and warm, with the moſt trembling ſenſibility in whatever related to his daughter, ſtill detained him, and eagerly exclaimed—"Inſulted! Sir Edward! who has dared—who ſhall dare to inſult her?"

"I bluſh to tell you, Colonel," replied he; "I am aſhamed of myſelf that I have ſo long borne, from the ſame quarter, injuries equally poignant and perhaps more irreparable. Give me your company in my room, for I have much on which to conſult you. Ethelinde"—(and his voice faultered with contending paſſions)—"I conjure you to compoſe yourſelf. For the ſake of the unhappy woman who has thus dared to traduce you, be calm, or I cannot tell to what an exceſs my juſt anger may ariſe. We muſt part: Lady Newenden and I muſt part: yet in taking ſuch a meaſure I wiſh to do it calmly; I wiſh ſtill to remember how I have loved her—to remember that ſhe is the mother of

thoſe

thoſe beloved children——whom ſhe has forgotten!"

His voice was now quite loſt. He turned away, and wept bitterly; while Ethelinde, whom the violence of her ſenſations had at firſt overpowered, acquired reflection enough to remember that the longer this ſcene continued the more noiſe it would make and the more publicly the unhappy diſpute become known. She therefore beſought her father to go with Sir Edward; while departing with faultering ſteps to her own room, ſhe reflected with dreadful anxiety on all that had paſſed; thought with fearful apprehenſion of the violent paſſion and unconquerable obſtinacy of Lady Newenden; and found from all her recollection of her temper in trifles, too much reaſon to apprehend that ſhe would not only refuſe to relinquiſh her favourite project of going to Lord Danesforte's, but would, in her reſentment againſt Sir Edward, aſſiſt his partiality to her couſin, as a reaſon why ſhe would

keep no terms with him; and Ethelinde doubted not but that her character would be injured, and perhaps her father's life endangered. It was eaſy for her to ſee, from Lord Danesforte's former converſation, that this cruel ſuſpicion had been communicated from him to Lady Newenden. There was reaſon to fear that he was equally void of principle and humanity, and that he would heſitate at nothing that deſign or malice could execute; and that whatever he dared do, he dared juſtify by the uſual appeal to the piſtol or the ſword. The longer ſhe dwelt on all this, the more wretched ſhe became; but on one thing only was ſhe able to determine, which was on inſtantly quitting the houſe; and ſhe waited impatiently till ſhe could ſee her father, and urge the immediate neceſſity of their going to Bath.

Near an hour, however, ſhe waited in the moſt painful ſuſpenſe. There ſeemed to be much noiſe and confuſion in the lower part of the houſe. The ſervants were

were running about in conſternation. At length one of the maids paſſing by the door of her room, ſhe heard that Lady Newenden was very ill; for that Lord Danesforte having been peremptorily refuſed admittance, by order of Sir Edward, had afterwards been let in by Mrs. Maltravers; and that a contention between Sir Edward and his Lordſhip had enſued, which was ended only by Mr. Maltravers and Colonel Cheſterville forcibly ſeparating them; in conſequence of which Lady Newenden had gone into fits.

All her terrors redoubled by this account, Ethelinde could ſtay no longer alone.—"Where is my father?" cried ſhe, as ſhe wildly ran down ſtairs—"Where is Sir Edward? There will be miſchief——oh God! there will be murder!"

She had now nearly reached the bottom of the ſtairs, ſtill in breathleſs agony calling on her father, when her flight was ſtopped, and ſhe became rivetted to the place, where ſhe clung for ſupport to the

baluſtrades, by the ſudden appearance of Montgomery.

His hair was diſhevelled; his eyes were wild and haggard; his cloaths covered with dirt; and he ſeemed quite worn out with fatigue or borne down by ſome recent calamity. He ſpoke not to her;——he ſeemed not to be able to ſpeak. "Where —what—" exclaimed ſhe, unknowing what ſhe would aſk. Her ſtrength forſook her; and ſhe ſat down on the ſtairs, and looked at Montgomery with eyes that expreſſed terror too great for utterance.

"I have frightened you I am afraid," ſaid Montgomery as he tremblingly took her hand. "Would I could have avoided it. Let me ſee Colonel Cheſterville inſtantly."

"Have you not ſeen him then?" ſtammered Ethelinde.

"No," replied he, raiſing and ſupporting her. "I have been able to ſee nobody. The ſervants ſeem in alarm: the houſe in confuſion. They told me you was

was above ſtairs, and left me to find my way to you. You tremble—you are agitated; alas! I fear the evil tidings I bring have already reached you!"

"What tidings? what new miſery is coming upon us?"

"Let me place you in a chair," cried Montgomery, who had by this time led her into a little breakfaſt room where Sir Edward uſed to read but which was now deſerted. She was obliged to comply; and then again conjured him to tell her what he had to communicate. "I will try," ſaid ſhe, "to bear it: at leaſt I can bear any thing better than this ſuſpenſe."

"Your brother"——he heſitated—he ſtopped.

"My brother!" ſhrieked the terrified Ethelinde—What of him? Is he dead? my God! is he dead?

"Not ſo," ſaid Montgomery—"But—a diſagreeable—a very diſagreeable circumſtance has befallen him."

"At Gibraltar?"

"No; in England. He is arreſted—he is in priſon."

"Returned unknown to my father—arreſted—and in priſon! Oh! my poor Harry! my father!—what will become of him when this is known?"

"Yet he muſt know it!" cried Montgomery, affected beyond all endurance by her agonies; "and I came to entreat of him to go with me immediately to London. It may ſoon be too late to ſave poor Cheſterville. I dread—indeed I dread the effect which the conſciouſneſs of having done wrong, and the poignancy of deſpair, may have on a diſpoſition like his. He gave me his promiſe that he would be calm—but—"

The nature of Montgomery's apprehenſions, in all their dreadful extent, now ruſhed into the mind of Ethelinde. Her brother, her beloved Harry, periſhing by his own hand, was preſent to her. Her heart was before in torture; this idea drove her almoſt to phrenzy. "Let me go inſtantly—

ſtantly—inſtantly, for my father," ſaid ſhe, as ſhe darted by Montgomery and fled acroſs the paſſage, "or it will, as you ſay, be too late to ſave him!"

She hardly felt the ground, yet knew not whither ſhe was running. Montgomery followed her, with looks and geſtures equally wild; and in the paſſage they met Colonel Cheſterville, who had that moment left Sir Edward Newenden.

"Ethelinde! Mr. Montgomery!" exclaimed he in aſtoniſhment.

"Oh! Sir," cried Ethelinde, ſeizing his hand with the eagerneſs of phrenzy—"come, for God's ſake come, or my brother will be loſt—loſt for ever!"

"Come whither?——your brother!—What am I to underſtand?—Mr. Montgomery here!"

"He comes to tell us——that poor Harry——"

"Speak Sir, I beſeech you," ſaid Cheſterville. "What of Harry?—Where is he?"

"He is living, Sir, and I hope well; but he is at preſent confined."

"Under

"Under the arreſt of his commanding officer?"

"Alas! no; he is in London. He is in a place of confinement at the houſe of a ſheriff's officer."

"Then," cried Cheſterville, in a voice that terrified Ethelinde—"then I am undone indeed!"

He now walked, in the calm anguiſh of ſettled deſpair, into a parlour. His daughter, more alarmed by the ſolemnity of his grief, and by the look of ſpeechleſs diſtreſs which his convulſed features wore, than ſhe could have been by the moſt violent declamation, hung on his arm, but could find nothing to conſole him. He looked at Montgomery; who with claſped hands ſtood before him, as if for farther information, which he was yet afraid to aſk. Montgomery underſtood him; and thus related the circumſtances of his meeting with Captain Cheſterville——

"I had buſineſs," ſaid he, "with a perſon in Weſtminſter which detained me till near eleven o'clock. I was then returning

turning to Harley ſtreet; when in paſſing near Charing Croſs, I ſaw a young man of military appearance before me. Three very ill looking men had followed us both for ſome hundred yards: they now paſſed me; and I ſaw two of them ſeize the gentleman before me, who with his ſtick knocked one of them down; the third immediately fell upon him. It was impoſſible for me, had I known their office, which I did not, to behold without indignation the unworthy treatment the unknown gentleman received: I ſtepped forward; and with my aſſiſtance he ſoon diſengaged himſelf from the ruffians: then I beſought him, as by that time I ſuſpected their buſineſs, to make his eſcape immediately and leave me to ſettle the matter with them as well as I could: but this he refuſed; and in the confuſion which followed, the men, who had by this time ſummonſed conſtables and watchmen to their aſſiſtance, pronounced the name of Cheſterville. I found that it was your

ſon;

ſon; and my anxiety to deliver him encreaſed: it was now, however, impoſſible, as we were ſurrounded by peace officers. The men would have diſmiſſed me; but I inſiſted on going wherever Mr. Cheſterville went, and we were both immediately lodged at an houſe in Carey ſtreet, Chancery lane. An explanation ſoon took place. I learned that Captain Cheſterville had been three weeks in London; that he had been in that time trying to ſettle ſome demands that had long made him uneaſy; in which failing, he had been thus arreſted."

"For what ſum Sir?" enquired Colonel Cheſterville.

"I am afraid for a large one."

"And his commiſſion, Sir?—By what means did he obtain leave of abſence, if—but it is impoſſible!—he cannot have ſold his commiſſion!"

Montgomery knew that this was unhappily the caſe: but he ſaw the Colonel ſo extremely hurt at the idea of it, that he had

had not courage to tell him it was ſo. The ſpeaking eyes of Ethelinde were fixed on his, and underſtood too well the anſwer they gave to her mute enquiry. Colonel Cheſterville became more and more diſtreſſed; Ethelinde was now ſeated by him; one of his hands graſped hers, the other he held to his forehead, as if unable to ſupport the pain that darted through his brain. "Let me go to Sir Edward," ſaid Ethelinde, faultering—"perhaps—" then recollecting the reproaches of Lady Newenden for the aſſiſtance her father had already received from her huſband, ſhe heſitated and ſtopped; all the cruel ſcene of the morning ruſhing with accumulated pain on her memory.

"No," replied her father, "go not to Sir Edward. "Sir," continued he, turning to Montgomery, "I muſt bear this heavieſt of all calamities; for Ethelinde deſerves that I ſhould live for her. Tell me, with what hope to ſerve my ſon you undertook this journey, and what you think

think may be done for this unhappy boy. My dear girl, go to your own room: leave me with Mr. Montgomery: the detail of your brother's fatal, and I muſt ſay inhuman conduct, affects you too much. Oh! Ethelinde! if you would not have me ſink under my wretchedneſs, preſerve that health ſo dear to this tortured heart. My hopes have been long concentered in my two children. One fails me—oh God! how cruelly!—but in thee"—(and he wildly caught her to his heart)—"I ſtill ſeek for comfort—ſtill contemplate perfection!"

Ethelinde, who found his emotion grew too violent to be endured, and that her preſence rather irritated than aſſuaged his tranſports, now hurried out of the room while ſhe was yet able; oppreſſed with ſenſations ſo numerous and painful that ſhe could hardly be ſaid to poſſeſs her reaſon. But in the midſt of all her ſufferings, the generous friendſhip of Montgomery for her brother, which

which assured her at once of the goodness of his heart, and that his heart was hers, infused a soft and salutary, yet melancholy delight, which supported though it could not console her.

CHAP-

CHAPTER X.

WHEN Ethelinde had left the room, Colonel Cheſterville, collecting all his fortitude, heard with a ſort of deſperate reſolution all that Montgomery had to relate of the unhappy young man, his ſon. His imagination had not gone beyond the truth: Cheſterville had not only ſold his commiſſion, but owed more than double what that would raiſe. All the money he had received from his father he had paid away to ſatisfy debts of honor; but many ſtill remained unpaid, beſides heavy ſums to tradeſmen; and to complete the wretchedneſs of this unfortunate father, he heard that far from bearing with fortitude the evils he had thus brought on himſelf, Cheſterville ſeemed to be rather deſperate than reſigned; and to hold it for a maxim that when a man could no longer

longer ſupport his rank, it was time to quit the world.

When in addition to this, Colonel Cheſterville reflected on all that had paſſed in the morning; on the miſery which tore the boſom of his beſt friend, Sir Edward Newenden; on the duel too probable between him and Lord Danesforte, and on the barrier which Lady Newenden's calumny had put between them, by which every hope of aſſiſtance was cut off even if he could determine to accept it; he ſaw nothing but complicated unhappineſs —perpetual impriſonment for his ſon— perpetual deſpair for himſelf—penury and calamity for Ethelinde. Sharp as was the anguiſh inflicted by ſo deſolate a proſpect, all its pangs were aggravated by the conſciouſneſs, that he had himſelf given to his ſon a dangerous example; and ſacrificed to his fatal love of play the fortune of his daughter. Montgomery ſaw with extreme concern that a ſtupor had taken poſſeſſion of his faculties, and that in the ſeverity

verity of his ſufferings he was incapable of determining in what way to attempt a remedy.

This young man, not leſs warm in his affections than ſolid in his underſtanding, determined on trying what he could yet do for the relief of the brother of Ethelinde; though his firſt efforts, which had been to engage another friend to become bail with him, had been fruitleſs; Mr. Royſton, the gentleman who had profeſſed himſelf ſo warmly his friend and patron; and to whom, in the unſuſpecting generoſity of his heart, he had applied, not having merely refuſed him, but ſignified to the perſons concerned that Mr. Montgomery, who ſo liberally offered to become ſecurity for another, was himſelf worth nothing; in conſequence of which every farther attempt was rendered abortive; ſo that it was with great difficulty, and in conſequence of having paid as a conſideration almoſt all the money he had, that Montgomery had obtained a reſpite of three days before the

the unhappy Cheſterville was to be conveyed to the King's Bench priſon. Of theſe three days the ſecond was wearing away; and nothing but ſpeedy and deciſive meaſures were likely to ſave him from confinement for life. Heedleſs of ceremony, where his heart was ſo deeply affected, Montgomery now left Colonel Cheſterville, and went in ſearch of Sir Edward. On enquiring of his gentleman whether he could ſpeak to him, the man ſaid he believed not, as his maſter had given orders not to be diſturbed. Montgomery however ſent in his name, and was immediately admitted. The countenance of Sir Edward expreſſed ſurpriſe at his arrival, mingled with ſomething of deep concern and recent agitation. Montgomery was ſtruck and hurt by it: he thought Sir Edward received him coldly; he knew not that he was agitated by unhappineſs too great to be concealed or endured, and that what he had himſelf

to

to communicate would with redoubled anguiſh oppreſs him.

Montgomery briefly related the reaſon of his journey; and without attempting to palliate or diſguiſe any part of the truth, as he had done in pity to the ſufferings of an unhappy father, he repreſented the certainty of young Cheſterville's ruin if ſome meaſures for his releaſe were not inſtantly purſued.

Sir Edward heard him with diſtreſs hardly to be deſcribed; the ſituation he was in with Lord Danesforte, with whom ſomething little ſhort of a direct challenge had paſſed; the confuſion in which his family were, and the cruel inſinuations which Lady Newenden had thrown out relative to Ethelinde; made it almoſt impoſſible for him to follow the firſt impulſe of his heart, and go himſelf to London to the releaſe of her brother; but not to ſuffer one ſo near and dear to Ethelinde to become a priſoner for life, was his determination. He ſtarted up,

up, as ſoon as Montgomery had related all he knew, and went to Colonel Cheſterville, where he endeavoured to calm the violence of his grief, and declared that he would not only immediately procure bail for the young man, but would take meaſures to relieve him from every difficulty. He therefore beſought the Colonel to compoſe himſelf, and to recollect the neceſſity of inſtant exertion.

Cheſterville, whoſe ſenſes had been locked up through the exceſs of his concern, now graſped the hand of Sir Edward, and burſt into tears. "No never, never, Sir Edward!" cried he, as ſoon as he was able to ſpeak; "never will I ſuffer *you* to do more for me and mine. Had I not been already too much obliged to you—obliged beyond all power of returning the debt; I ought to conſider your own peace. Lady Newenden's converſation of this morning is ſufficient to determine me. I will never hear again that her money has been ſquandered on us,

us, nor endure that the ſpotleſs purity of my Ethelinde's name ſhall be expoſed to the tongue of ſlander, in conſequence of my neceſſities, or the follies of her unhappy brother. I muſt ſuffer; I have deſerved it; Harry has deſerved it too; but who will pity, who will protect my poor girl; you, her generous, her diſintereſted friend, can do it no longer. I go to ſhare the poverty and impriſonment of my ſon; but where ſhall I find for her—for that innocent, ſuffering angel—protection and conſolation?"

The image of Ethelinde, deſerted in indigence, or confined with her father within the hideous walls of a priſon, had already taken ſtrong poſſeſſion of Sir Edward's imagination; and ſuch was his tenderneſs for her, that every ſorrow of his own became light compared to that of not being able to ſhelter her from the evils of her deſtiny. That ardent affection however now lent him ſtrength to conſider what ſhould be done, of which conſideration

ſideration Cheſterville was himſelf incapable. It ſeemed neceſſary for Ethelinde and her father immediately to go to London. But a pang aroſe when he remembered that Montgomery, before too much beloved, and now endeared to her by his active friendſhip for her brother, would be with them; and that diſtreſſed as Cheſterville was, and already inclined to favour Montgomery, of whom he now ſpoke in the warmeſt terms of approbation, it was not impoſſible but that he might give to him his daughter, and believe, that ſituated as ſhe was, he acted right in deſpite of pecuniary conſiderations when he gave her a protector in the man ſhe loved.

Ethelinde could certainly never be his. He knew that after what had paſſed, he muſt be for ever denied the delight of ſeeing her, the comfort of contributing to her eaſe, of ſharing her grateful friendſhip, and her innocent affection. But to ſee her irrevocably another's! to know that

ſhe was married without an adequate ſupport; and that her whole life might be expoſed to trials he could not ſoften, to difficulties he could not alleviate; all his ſenſe, his morality, his reſolution, hardly ſupported him when he conſidered it; and he ſometimes fancied he could rather bear to deſtroy her, and then himſelf, than endure the certainty of that, the very idea of which inflicted anguiſh ſo acute.

To pain ſo involuntary and ſo unconquerable, every conſideration would have been oppoſed in vain which related merely to himſelf; but when he thought of her, when he recollected that his unguarded admiration had already expoſed to the tongue of envious malignity and haughty jealouſy, the ſanctity of her character; and that innocent as ſhe was, ſhe might be rendered liable to the imputation of guilt, he found ſtrength to determine that whatever it might coſt him he would ſtifle the anguiſh that conſumed him, and act in regard to Ethelinde exactly as he would

do

do for a beloved ſiſter, had he a ſiſter ſo ſituated.

This reſolution did not preclude him from oppoſing a match for her ſo indiſcreet as would be that with Montgomery; but it forced him, if he was able to perſevere in it, to promote the intereſt of this indigent but fortunate Montgomery, and to attempt ſo to ſerve him as might remove the only barrier between them. Thus at war with himſelf, this generous heroiſm now ſupported, and now deſerted him; but as nothing could be done 'till young Cheſterville was releaſed, the moſt immediate ſtep to be taken was to enable his father to procure his liberty. For this purpoſe he wiſhed to go with him to London; but he could neither leave his wife to follow Lord Danesforte, which ſhe ſtill ſeemed determined to do, without appearing to yield implicitly to the diſhonour which ſuch a meaſure would bring on him, nor could he eaſily content himſelf without an explanation from that noble-

man, which the dialogue that had paſſed between them rendered neceſſary. Colonel Cheſterville, who had been extremely hurt by the uneaſineſs of Sir Edward and by the whole ſcene of the preceding morning, had before the arrival of Montgomery been labouring to perſuade him that his wife, however carried away by the prevalence of modern cuſtoms, and by a deſire to appear above the prejudices of the croud, (a vanity common to ſo many young and beautiful women,) had yet really been guilty of nothing that ſhould influence him to recur to harſh meaſures; and that nothing could be really ſo deſtructive to his peace and honor as the noiſe of a rupture with her, unleſs it was a public quarrel with Lord Danesforte.

Cheſterville had a very good heart, and very good ſenſe; and when unobſcured by one fatal propenſity, nobody had a better judgment or clearer notions of real honor. He believed himſelf what he endeavoured to impreſs on Sir Edward; and though

though his indignation and anger were excited towards Lady Newenden by her attempt to injure the character of Ethelinde, he was too candid to ſuffer that anger to influence him againſt her in other reſpects; and as he thought her more weak than wicked; malignant towards others, but not guilty of any actual offence againſt the honor of her huſband; he thought it, not only on account of himſelf but of his children, wrong in Sir Edward to carry his reſentment at once to ſuch extremities as would preclude the poſſibility of ſaving her character, or of her returning to a reaſonable mode of life, if ſhe ſhould ſee her error. His arguments had their weight; but Sir Edward was yet undecided, when the arrival of Montgomery opened new ſources of vexation, and divided his concern between his own ſituation and that of a family ſo dear to him.

While he yet deliberated, Mr. Maltravers, from whom Sir Edward had parted

in diſpleaſure, had conſidered more coolly the circumſtances of his daughter's conduct; and though he could not determine to blame, he was afraid of defending it. He ſaw that there was now no alternative; a ſeparation between her and her huſband was inevitable, unleſs he could himſelf prevail upon her to give up, at leaſt for the preſent, an acquaintance, to which, with ſome juſtice, Sir Edward had taken an averſion; and determining to attempt to move her, he was admitted to her bed chamber, where he repreſented to her, with tears, the diſagreeable conſequences of her refuſing to comply with Sir Edward's wiſhes, which were, that ſhe would immediately renounce the plan of going to Danesforte, give up her continual parties with his Lordſhip, and return to Denham to remain there till after Chriſtmas.

Lady Newenden, who had been in fits all the morning, and was now ſunk into languor, liſtened very quietly to all her father

father had to ſay. When he concluded, ſhe raiſed herſelf on her arm, and turning to Mrs. Maltravers, who ſat in a very ill humour on the other ſide of her bed, ſhe cried—"Do you hear, Madam, what is expected of me? do you ſee my father himſelf urge me to give up every thing to the ill humour and caprice of a man whoſe fortune I have made—to him, who while he deſires to reſtrain me from acquaintance proper for my ſituation in life, and from amuſements I have a right to, ſcruples not himſelf to make ſcandalous connections with my own relations in my own houſe. And ſhall I be ſo meanly tame as to bear it? No, Sir; you may tell Sir Edward that I will not be checked in my acquaintance to gratify his ridiculous prejudice, nor limited in my expences, to enable him the better to ſupply thoſe of his Ethelinde. Tell him I will periſh firſt!"

Poor Maltravers, whoſe ſhaken nerves, and long habit of humouring his daugh-

ter, equally unfitted him now for contention with her, was ſorry for her diſtreſs, and frightened at her vehemence. His wife he ſometimes contradicted, though, as his temper was rather peeviſh than peremptory, ſhe generally teized him at laſt to her purpoſe; but Maria had governed him ever ſince ſhe was ſix years old, and nothing appeared to him ſo dreadful as oppoſing her will. "Well, but Lady Newenden—Maria—my dear child—conſider," ſaid he, "conſider what a noiſe the matter will make—conſider, pray do, what people will ſay."

"And am *I* to be made miſerable, do you think, leaſt fools and vulgar folks ſhould goſſip? People of real faſhion will only ridicule Sir Edward, I promiſe you; and to the opinion of other people indeed I ſhall not ſacrifice one hour of ſatisfaction."

"No indeed," ſaid Mrs. Maltravers, bridling with anger; "I have no notion why one ſhould. I am ſurpriſed at Sir Edward

Edward for daring to ſuppoſe that *my* daughter can even think of an impropriety; and I am ſure I cannot ſee why he ſhould be humoured. The next thing will be, I ſuppoſe, ſhutting her up from all ſociety whatever."

"Yes," added Lady Newenden, with an acrimonious ſmile; "and he will teach me doubtleſs to walk tamely about one of his houſes, (Graſmere Abbey perhaps) while my fortune is laviſhed on his amuſements and his ſentimental friends. I am ſurpriſed, Sir, you do not ſee his motive. Tis not for me and for his children he is anxious——I tell you tis for Ethelinde Cheſterville."

"Dear Maria, I declare I can hardly believe it."

Another ſcornful ſmile was raiſed by her father's incredulous ſimplicity.

"Not believe it, Mr. Maltravers?" ſaid her mother——"No to be ſure; men are always in the right."

"Don't be abſurd, Mrs. Maltravers, I

deſire," cried he in ſome anger, which not daring to ſhew itſelf to his daughter broke out againſt his wife.—"Don't be abſurd. You don't believe yourſelf—you know you don't—that Sir Edward has any improper attachment to my niece."

"My mother is convinced of it," ſaid Lady Newenden.

"Then if you are," ſaid he, ſtill addreſſing himſelf to his wife, "you've acted a monſtrous part I muſt tell you, in letting her be with your daughter ſo long. But you know tis no ſuch thing; and I am ſure if Sir Edward had thought his kindneſs to her couſin gave my Maria any uneaſineſs, he would never have done any thing in Cheſterville's concerns."

"Gave *me* uneaſineſs, Sir!" ſaid Lady Newenden—"Pray don't miſtake me ſo egregiouſly. I never ſuffered an uneaſy moment about it. The man whoſe vitiated taſte could find attractions in that face of faded wax, that maypole like figure, and that mawkiſh affectation of literature

rature and refinement, is in my mind an object of pity and contempt, but certainly not of reſentment."

"Well, but Maria, Sir Edward is reſolute. He declares that if you perſiſt in going to Danesforte, his houſe receives you no more."

"Then I will have an houſe of my own Sir, to receive me."

"But the world—what will the world ſay?"

"The vulgar world may ſay what they pleaſe: the world of faſhion and ſenſe will ſay that Sir Edward is ridiculouſly jealous of me, and diſſolutely attached to Ethelinde. I ſhall live as I pleaſe, and have nobody to dictate to me, or to fancy they have authority to controul my moſt innocent actions."

"But your children, Lady Newenden?"

"Oh! Sir Edward will of courſe take care of them. Beſides I dare ſay his intention is to have a little arrangement with Miſs Cheſterville; and you know he is con-

continually praiſing her for the goodneſs of her heart and the tenderneſs of her nature, and talking of her attention to Edward when he was ill; ſo that it will be quite the thing to have her ſuperintend his nurſery."

Mr. Maltravers, who was very fond of his grandchildren, now found that his blind attachment to his daughter was not proof againſt her inſenſibility and want of natural affection.

"Maria," cried he, in a harſher tone than he had ever yet uſed towards her, "I muſt inſiſt upon your giving up theſe improper ideas of reſentment; I will have you comply with Sir Edward's wiſhes. You are to renounce Lord Danesforte's acquaintance. It muſt, nay it ſhall be ſo!"

Lady Newenden now threw herſelf into an agony of paſſion, which ended in an hyſteric fit; while Mrs. Maltravers, weaker than her daughter, exclaimed, half crying and half ſcolding, againſt his cruelty. Mr. Maltravers, equally tormented with fears

fears for the health and the character of her who had been the ſole object of his pride and ſolicitude for ſo many years, knew not what to do to preſerve both; but in order to attempt it, he left his daughter to the care of her mother and went in queſt of Sir Edward Newenden.

To the unhappineſs of a man, who whatever might be the other features of his character, was a fond and generous father, Sir Edward could not be inſenſible. Mr. Maltravers repreſented the ſituation in which he had left Lady Newenden, related her ſuſpicions, or rather gave them as the reaſon of her angry coldneſs; and hiding the obſtinate aſperity with which ſhe had ſtill refuſed to give up her acceptance of the invitation to Danesforte, or relinquiſh the acquaintance of the inviter, he tried to palliate the evil which he almoſt deſpaired of curing; hoping however that by a little condeſcenſion on both ſides the difference might for the preſent be adjuſted without the report going forth to the world, to whoſe

whoſe opinion he was by no means ſo indifferent as was Lady Newenden; and who would, he believed, ſee her conduct in a very different light from that in which ſhe flattered herſelf it would appear.

Sir Edward heard him not merely with attention, but with pity and regard.—"Believe me Sir," ſaid he, "that Lady Newenden's happineſs has hitherto been my firſt object. Had ſhe candour and generoſity, ſhe would own, that to her's, my own gratification has in every inſtance of our lives been poſtponed. You muſt recollect, Mr. Maltravers, that from the inſtant of our union, my own plans of life, my taſte, my amuſements, even my friends, have been invariably given up, till I ſaw that one predominating connection was likely to injure her character, that one dangerous amuſement would probably ruin her children. Then it became time at leaſt to explain to her my ſentiments on both. I did ſo. With calmneſs, with tenderneſs I ſpoke; and even then regretted the

the neceſſity of giving her a moment's pain. But I received only contempt; I excited only ſcorn. Yet I had patience: till the world, leſs blindly indulgent, talked ſo loudly of Lady Newenden's ſociety, that I could no longer forbear to uſe that authority which only can ſave her from farther ill conſequences, and which having once been compelled to exert, I will not now reſign. Yet do not miſtake me, Mr. Maltravers:—Did I for a moment believe that my wife had really ſacrificed my honour and her own, I ſhould without heſitation caſt her off for ever. That I take any pains therefore to direct and reform her conduct, ought to be a proof that I think her yet innocent of all real crime, and am determined to ſave her from the appearance of it. As to the ridiculous charge of my being improperly attached to her couſin, I deſpiſe its folly, while I own its malignity hurts me; and I tremble to think how deeply depravity muſt have entered that heart, which can, to gratify a momen-

a momentary reſentment or excuſe an evident error, blaſt, irrecoverably perhaps, the character of an innocent young woman, ſo nearly allied in blood, and ſo unfortunate in many reſpects that ſhe has a double claim on the tenderneſs and protection of her relations. That I love Ethelinde, is very true: that I admire, revere, and eſteem her, I never denied; for I have rather gloried in it. The ungenerous interpretation Lady Newenden has put on my friendſhip for her, is one of the moſt convincing and moſt painful proofs of the influence that unprincipled man, Danesforte, has over her mind; for of herſelf ſhe never could have imagined it, or having miſtaken my friendſhip for love, would never have borne calmly that its object ſhould remain with her. It is too evident therefore to me, that in his diſſolute and deſigning converſation originated the ſuſpicion, and that arguments of the moſt pernicious tendency were brought forward to reconcile her to the conviction,

which

which he ſpared no art to impreſs. When a man has thus the power to pervert the heart, what ſhall become of the principles of my wife, if the connection is longer endured?—what ſhall become of the reputation of your daughter, Mr. Maltravers?—of the honor of my children's mother? You are too reaſonable, I dare believe, to blame me for reſolutely breaking through this improper acquaintance: aſſiſt me therefore; and to the power of an huſband add the authority of a father."

Maltravers, who felt all the force of Sir Edward's argument, and who could not help recollecting that all he aſſerted of his tenderneſs and indulgence to Lady Newenden was true, now readily aſſured him that he would leave nothing unattempted to perſuade her to acquieſce immediately in every thing he wiſhed;—"But, Sir Edward," ſaid he, with marks of deep concern, "this unhappy affair has already created fears of worſe conſequence. Yeſterday, when my wife's extreme

treme folly introduced Lord Danesforte into the houſe contrary to your directions, the few words that paſſed between you were of anger and defiance. I am told that his Lordſhip is fierce, violent, and haughty; ſhould he think proper to reſent what then paſſed—"

"My dear Sir, I am no duelliſt; but if Lord Danesforte's fierce and violent temper chuſes to break forth, and urges him to call me to decide our difference by the ſword or piſtol, I muſt certainly meet him. Be aſſured however, that unleſs he inſiſts upon it I ſhall not; for I ſhould be ſorry to take his life or to hazard mine againſt ſuch a man: a conſideration not leſs ſtrong is, that ſuch a meeting, however it might terminate, would inevitably expoſe the fair fame of Lady Newenden; which, however careleſs ſhe is herſelf of it, muſt ever be neceſſary to my peace and to our future comfort, if indeed there be any hope of domeſtic comfort after what has paſſed."

Mr. Mal-

Mr. Maltravers, ſtill fearing leaſt Lord Danesforte ſhould reſent the reception he met with in the morning, and deſpairing of his daughter's compliance with what her huſband made the condition of their re-union, left him in great uneaſineſs, and went back to Lady Newenden, thinking only of this beloved daughter, without giving the ſlighteſt attention to the ſituation of his nephew, young Cheſterville, and the unhappineſs of the father and ſiſter of that luckleſs young man, which Sir Edward had as forcibly as poſſible repreſented to him, in hopes of procuring his aſſiſtance: abſorbed entirely in his affection for his daughter, his heart was ſtrangely contracted towards every other object; and unleſs reminded that he had other claims upon him he never thought of them, and even then with coldneſs and reluctance.

CHAP.

CHAPTER XI.

THE day was wearing away. Dinner was announced, but nobody ſeemed diſpoſed to partake of it. Lady Newenden remained in her bed chamber, and Mrs. Maltravers attended her; Ethelinde, with an heart breaking through anxiety and incertitude, had hardly ſtrength to get down ſtairs; Cheſterville was loſt in the contemplation of his own miſery; and Montgomery, ſo reſtleſs at the loſs of time, that he neither had ſpirits or appetite. They all however attended at table at the requeſt of Mr. Maltravers, whoſe ſolicitude ſeemed to be to ſtifle as much as poſſible the reports which he feared would go worth of the tranſactions of the morning. Lady Newenden was ſo frequently indiſpoſed, that her abſence, and that of her mother, appeared not extraordinary to the

the ſervants. Chefterville could neither eat or force himſelf into converſation; being wholly occupied by the ſituation of his ſon, and of the journey he propoſed to begin immediately after dinner for his relief. Ethelinde, with fearful apprehenſion, the tears frequently riſing to her eyes, watched the looks of her father, and could not throw any degree of chearfulneſs into her own; Sir Edward appeared calm, but his face ſufficiently told that he was ill at eaſe; he endeavoured however to keep up ſomething like a converſation with Mr. Maltravers, who now frequently addreſſed himſelf to Montgomery, whom at another time he would probably have overlooked or neglected.

Sir Edward turned the converſation on Montgomery's family; and reminding Mr. Maltravers that he was the young gentleman for whom he had ſolicited his intereſt for an appointment to the Eaſt Indies, he contrived to engage Montgomery in a relation of the events of his father's life

life and his own. This narrative muſt he thought intereſt Maltravers in his favor. Colonel Cheſterville, to whoſe generous behaviour towards his mother, and of whoſe preſervation of his father, he ſpoke with the moſt animated gratitude, was ſo much affected with it, that it wholly overcame the little reſolution he had till then been able to command; he haſtily left the room without ſpeaking, and his daughter, in greater emotion, followed him.

Sir Edward, who ſaw the fine eyes of Montgomery turned towards her as ſhe went, with a look of tender alarm, beſought him to go on; and the ſervants being by this time withdrawn, ſaid—"They are ſo unhappy at this moment, that it were cruelty to wiſh them to remain in company. Colonel Cheſterville too has preparations to make for his departure. You have, I apprehend, no preparations to make; favour us therefore with your converſation till they are ready."

Montgomery then, ſuppreſſing a deep ſigh,

ſigh, continued to relate the death of his father, and the ſubſequent diſappointments of his mother, which had determined her to come to England; and when he pauſed, Maltravers, who had heard his narration with no intereſt, but with ſufficient complaiſance, ſaid—"And ſo, Sir, you wiſh, it ſeems, to be ſent out to India."

"Such, Sir," replied Montgomery, "were my wiſhes till I had other views offered me by Mr. Royſton."

"By Mr. Royſton, the member of parliament, Sir?"

"Yes, Sir; he is, by his mother, my relation; and ſeems much diſpoſed to be my friend."

"I am glad to hear it, Mr. Montgomery, both on your account and his, for he is not much accuſtomed I think to do generous actions."

Montgomery felt the blood riſe to his cheeks. There was ſomething rude and unfeeling in this ſpeech; but he ſaid, as calmly as he could—"I am ſorry that is your

your opinion of him; you are then acquainted with him?"

"Yes, Sir, I think I am; for I bought my ſeat in parliament of him, and now ſit for his borough."

"Well, Sir?"

"Well, Sir; all I have to ſay is, that he is a man who loves parade very much, but money more; and that in order to ſupport the former at little expence, there is no meanneſs he is not capable of in regard to the latter. With all this, he has abundance of family pride; and while he talks of the blood his anceſtors have ſhed in the cauſe of liberty, he bluſhes not to ſell his own freedom of ſpeaking, and even thinking, to the miniſter or the party by whom he thinks he can get moſt."

Montgomery, who had of late diſcovered much in the manner of his relation which convinced him he had been too ſanguine in truſting to his profeſſions, wiſhed, however painful it was, to hear more of his character; he therefore remained

mained ſilent, and Maltravers, after a ſhort pauſe, went on.

"I am by no means deſirous, Sir, to diſcourage your reliance upon him; perhaps you have good reaſon, from your own experience of him, to contradict mine, and the general opinion of the world. I do not wiſh to be inquiſitive, but pray how long have you been under his patronage?"

"It is near a month, Sir, ſince I have been in his houſe."

"And pray, Sir, what are his views for you?"

"To procure ſome place under government, for which he imagines my knowledge of languages qualifies me."

"You underſtand languages, Sir? Pray which?"

"The French, Italian, Spaniſh, and German."

"Mr. Montgomery, you are a young man; I am ſomewhat farther advanced in life, and have made a fortune without pa-

tronage. Go to the Eaſt Indies; there your talents will avail you. I have no quarrel, I aſſure you, with Mr. Royſton; but I know him ſo well, that as you are a friend of Sir Edward's, I do adviſe you not to depend upon him too much; for beſides that he is held very cheap by miniſtry, who are aware when he oppoſes them that it is only till ſome new douceur can be obtained, and that his talents are contemptible, I know he is at this time negociating for himſelf; and will make no other attempts to ſerve you than perhaps a faint mention of you; and on that he will afterwards doubly pride himſelf; for he will have had the ſatisfaction of boaſting that a Montgomery is his relation, which will raiſe his family pride; and on the other hand of having attempted to ſerve him, which will do credit to his generoſity."

"Is it poſſible," ſaid Sir Edward, "that Mr. Royſton *can be* ſuch a man?"

"Is it poſſible, Sir Edward," replied Maltravers,

Maltravers, "that you do not know him to be ſuch a man?"

"No, I have hardly ever ſeen him; never above once, I think; and from common report I take no man's character."

"I ſpeak not of him from common report, but from my own knowledge; and will give you one inſtance of his venality, which will convince you common report is ſometimes to be truſted. During a late adminiſtration he held, as the price of his own vote and another which he could command, a conſiderable place under government; but in the peeviſhneſs of his ſelf conſequence, he wanted ſome addition to it, which was refuſed him. The next day he went down to the houſe, determined to exert all his oratorical powers againſt the miniſtry, who were thus unmindful of his eminent ſervices. He ſpoke. The houſe laughed; and ſome, who knew not the unſucceſsful negociation, wondered. The all ſufficient

politician went home elate, and perſuaded that the diſmayed premier would ſend to him, deprecate his wrath, and grant his demands with apologies and excuſes. A meſſenger was indeed ſent to him; but it was to ſay that miniſtry had no farther occaſion for his ſervices. Thus cruelly diſappointed, he flew to the ſecretary, from whom the diſmiſſion came, deplored his haſty and unguarded ſpeech, beſought forgiveneſs, and offered, as the price of his reſtoration, to unſay every word he had uttered."

Neither Sir Edward nor Montgomery could help ſmiling at this anecdote, tho' both were concerned to find that the hopes of the latter reſted on no better foundation than the promiſes of Mr. Royſton. After a ſhort ſilence, Sir Edward ſaid—"If then Mr. Montgomery ſhould find his expectations from this gentleman vaniſh, I am ſure you will aſſiſt me in endeavouring to procure him

ſome

ſome ſituation in that line he originally thought of."

A variety of uneaſy paſſions kept Montgomery ſilent, while Mr. Maltravers anſwered—" What to the Eaſt Indies? Yes, I will do all I can for him; and I ſhould be glad Harry Cheſterville would employ one in the ſame office; for by all accounts he's in a bad ſtyle. He was always, I thought, a giddy, unpromiſing boy, and now it turns out to be as I thought."

Montgomery, who knew not that this quickneſs to ſee the faults of others, and thus bluntly to ſpeak of them, while he could not perceive that his own daughter had any, was one of the prominent features in the character of Maltravers, bluſhed with anger and reſentment at this harſh condemnation of his friend; yet ingenuous and modeſt, he, in conſideration of Maltravers age and relationſhip to Cheſterville, repreſſed his feelings, and only ſaid—" I wiſh indeed he was in a

more fortunate ſituation than he is at preſent; but ſurely, Sir, you judge too rigidly of my friend?"

"Your friend! I admire at the friendſhip of young men. Pray what do you know of him?"

"Not much, I muſt confeſs, ſince I have been acquainted with him only a ſhort time, but—"

"Pooh, pooh; you have been at drinking parties together, I ſuppoſe, and encouraged each other in idleneſs and debauchery, and now you fancy you have a great friendſhip for him. Believe me, young man, if you would make your fortune, you muſt avoid ſuch patrons as Royſton, and ſuch friends as Harry Cheſterville."

So ſaying, without expreſſing any other concern for his nephew, or appearing at all ſenſible of the pain he had inflicted on Montgomery, he aroſe from the table, and left the room.

Sir Edward eaſily perceived how much Montgomery

Montgomery was hurt. "You muſt not," ſaid he, "mind the blunt, and ſometimes rude manner of Mr. Maltravers; he has acquired them by being much among people obliged to him, and dependant on him. He does not mean to hurt you, nor is at all conſcious that he does; and as to poor Harry, he loves him as well as he does any body, except Lady Newenden."

"But will he not aſſiſt him, Sir?" enquired Montgomery; who, in his zeal for his friend, forgot the offenſive ſpeeches to himſelf.

"I am afraid not," replied Sir Edward; "or if he does, it will be only with his intereſt to procure him ſome appointment abroad. Mr. Maltravers parts with money very reluctantly, unleſs it is to his daughter; and young Cheſterville formerly offended him by refuſing to go to India, as he offended his aunt, Mrs. Ludford, by declining to be a merchant. He preferred the army, in which he had been brought up, and which was indeed natu-

ral enough. Would to God he had ſo acted as to have done credit to his choice; and that he had not thus brought miſery on his father, himſelf, and his ſiſter."

Sir Edward concluded the ſentence with a ſigh, which Montgomery echoed back; and then ſaid, in a melancholy voice—"Would he had! But Sir Edward, on what has Colonel Cheſterville finally determined? Time preſſes. If he goes not to London this evening, I muſt at all events ſet out."

"He intends it, I believe," ſaid Sir Edward, riſing; "but I will go to him, and you ſhall know in a few moments." Sir Edward then left the room; believing that if mention was made of Ethelinde, he ſhould betray himſelf. He ſaw that Montgomery did not imagine ſhe was to go with her father, and he feared leaſt in ſpeaking of it, any thing ſhould be ſaid which might give him any reaſon to ſuppoſe that Lady Newenden's jealous malignity compelled her at ſuch a time to quit

quit an aſylum ſo much more proper for her than the ſcenes to which ſhe was to be expoſed with a brother actually impriſoned, and a father who was unable to releaſe him.

Sir Edward now went in ſearch of Colonel Cheſterville, whom he found in his daughter's room, ſitting with fixed eyes, and a calm, yet alarming expreſſion of grief on his countenance; while Ethelinde, who had diſmiſſed the ſervant, was employed in putting his cloaths into his travelling trunk; now wiping away the tears that blinded her, now unconſciouſly indulging them; and ſometimes aſking her father's directions, as if to rouſe him from his mournful contemplations.

"Why will you ſo fatigue yourſelf, Ethelinde?" ſaid Sir Edward, when he ſaw her thus employed.

"Becauſe," anſwered ſhe, ſmiling thro' her tears, "it is a pleaſure to me to wait on my father; and thoſe who are un-

able to keep ſervants, ſhould learn chearfully to become their own."

At this reply her father ſobbed aloud. "'Tis I," cried he, in a convulſive tone; "it is I who have undone thee! I, whoſe curſed infatuation has deprived thee of the conveniences of life, and am now dragging thee to poverty and a priſon." He now became ſo violently agitated that Ethelinde, terrified, caught his hand, hardly able to articulate "my deareſt Sir, for God's ſake ſpare your daughter. Indeed nothing would be an hardſhip to me if you would be eaſy."

"Eaſy!" exclaimed he, ſtriking his forehead with his clenched hand. "Can I be eaſy? No, never, never!" His voice was now choaked, but his looks were wild and convulſed. Sir Edward, who ſaw, in the pale countenance of Ethelinde, her extreme concern and alarm, took the hand of her father which he had ſnatched from her, and cried—"For God's ſake, Colonel Cheſterville, have more

more fortitude, and think more of your daughter."

"Think of her!" cried he, vehemently interrupting him; "*I do* think of her; and 'tis thinking of her that diſtracts me. My dear, dear friend, if this dreadful ſtroke overwhelms me, as it ſurely will—" He ſtopped, and again loſt his voice; but recovering, went on—"be a friend, be a protector to my deſolate Ethelinde."

"I will defend and protect her with my life," cried Sir Edward eagerly. "In ſpite of the world, I will guard her perſon and vindicate her innocence."

Ethelinde now ſat down; and leaning on a table, fell into an agony of ſorrow. Sir Edward, thrown almoſt off his guard by the ſolemn charge given him by her father, made yet an effort to check the vehemence of his emotion, and went on in a calmer tone.—"Yes, my dear Cheſterville, I will, fearleſs of malignity, and ſcorning falſehood, which ever counteracts itſelf, accept the ſacred truſt whenever you

you are yourſelf diſabled from its execution; but exert yourſelf, and remain ſtill the protector, the friend of your daughter. The laſſitude of deſpondence, the ravings of deſpair, are equally unworthy of you. Conſider how unable your Ethelinde is to ſupport the ſight of either; and conſider alſo that to indulge theſe tranſports can avail nothing. Ethelinde," continued he, tenderly taking her almoſt lifeleſs hand, "let me conjure you to have better courage. Truſt in that Providence which forſakes not the innocent and good; and let me entreat you to have ſome reliance on me, who will never ſuffer either malice or folly to ſhake my affection—yes, I glory in ſaying ſo—my warm, my faithful affection for you; let me add, my pure, my brotherly tenderneſs, which never can end but with my life."

Ethelinde found it quite impoſſible to ſpeak; but ſhe gently, almoſt involuntarily

rily preſſed the hand which held hers; Sir Edward underſtood more of her ſentiments than words could have uttered; and was about again to ſpeak, when Ethelinde took the handkerchief from her eyes, and fixed them on his with a look ſo expreſſive of gratitude, tenderneſs, and grief, that, unable to bear it, he turned from her, and ſat down on the other ſide by her father.

"My dear Colonel," ſaid he, in the gentle accents of pity and benevolence, "call forth, I beſeech you, your fortitude, and repreſs this fruitleſs concern, which is ſo deſtructive to us all. Mr. Montgomery is anxious to ſet out to night. Perhaps your journey may be, without inconvenience to your ſon, delayed till to-morrow. Then you, and our dear Ethelinde, may be better able to undertake it."

"Oh! no," cried Cheſterville, deeply ſighing, "I will not, I ought not to delay

delay it. I mean immediately to go, and have ordered a chaiſe."

All Sir Edward's terrors for Ethelinde now returned; he ſaw her weak, languid, overcome with grief, and her father unable to ſupport her. It was night; it was November; and the weather was cold and comfortleſs. To complete his objections to her going, Montgomery, to whom in every other character than that of the lover of Ethelinde, he wiſhed well, was to be her guide, her protector, her conſolation. He dared not himſelf go with her, leaſt calumny ſhould have new ſubject for its malevolence; he dared not propoſe her ſtay, for he knew that it would be interpreted to her diſadvantage, and indeed that ſhe would not, after what ſhe had heard in the morning, conſent to ſtay.

A new and moſt ſevere ſtruggle now aroſe in his boſom. He remained ſilent awhile;

awhile; then believing he had conquered his anxiety by dint of reaſon, he fancied he could with calmneſs ſee her depart; and therefore ſaid, but in a low and reluctant manner—"Since then you muſt go, I will ſend a ſervant to finiſh your packing, with which Ethelinde muſt not fatigue herſelf; and if you will come with me, Colonel, I will trouble you with two or three commiſſions which I want to have executed in town."

Cheſterville then aroſe, and left the room with Sir Edward. Ethelinde remained alone, and for a few moments was unable to collect her ſpirits enough to think ſteadily. Tears ſtill flowed from her eyes, and ſighs burſt from her heart: yet Montgomery—the beloved Montgomery, to whom ſhe was ſo recently obliged, whom ſhe more tenderly than ever loved, was to be with her. His preſence would ſoften every calamity

mity; the certainty of his affection, ſtrengthen her reſolution; and his tenderneſs, his friendſhip, his approbation, counterbalance all the evil with which her deſtiny ſeemed, from other quarters, to threaten her.

CHAP.

CHAPTER XII.

ETHELINDE having acquired more compoſure before the entrance of the ſervant whom Sir Edward had ſent to aſſiſt her, now ſaw the remainder of the baggage they were to take with them packed and carried down; and being herſelf ready to depart, was on the ſtairs when a carriage ſtopped at the door. She concluded it was the poſt chaiſe her father had ordered. On her entering the parlour, ſhe found Montgomery there alone. Foreſeeing and dreading the ſubject on which ſhe ſuppoſed he would ſpeak, ſhe haſtily ſaid—"I thought my father was here. It is late, is it not better to call him?" She was then hurrying away, when Montgomery ſtopped her. "One moment only, Miſs Cheſterville; I would not be importunate, but

but I may have, I can have, no other opportunity."

"Whither then are you going?" ſaid ſhe, ſomewhat amazed.

"To London," anſwered Montgomery; "and I leave you here!"

"Indeed you do not; I am alſo going to London."

"Is it poſſible," cried he, in a tranſport of joy; "can I be ſo happy as to be allowed to attend you. Oh! joy unexpected!"

He paſſionately kiſſed the hand he held, which Ethelinde attempted to withdraw; but before ſhe could prevail upon him to releaſe it, the door opened, and Mrs. Ludford marched into the room, followed by her ſon, her daughter, and Mr. Emmerſley. Ethelinde, in ſome confuſion, welcomed her. She ſtiffly ſaid—"your ſervant, child;" and then ſeated herſelf with great dignity and formality; while Miſs Clarinthia, running up to Ethelinde, cried in a half whiſper—"My dear-

eſt

eſt Ethelinde, how are you? Lord! my love, I'm afraid we interrupt a tête à tête. Who is that exceſſive handſome young man?"

Ethelinde had hardly time to anſwer that his name was Montgomery, before the little *bel eſprit*, Mr. Rupert, exclaimed in an impromptu produced with a facility upon which he highly valued himſelf,

"Ye balmy breezes come! who bruſh
The bloſſoms of the blackberry buſh,
Nor yet refuſe to waft my ſong;
'Tis not tedious, 'tis not long,
But full of fire; for I'm inclin'd
To praiſe my charming Ethelinde!"

With an heart loaded with anxiety, Ethelinde was little able to bear this buffoonery; ſhe caſt a look expreſſive—too much expreſſive, perhaps, of contempt, on the poet; and without otherwiſe noticing his intended compliment, ſat down; but Miſs Ludford, impatient to be heard, thus addreſſed her.

"Dear

"Dear, child, why what is the matter to-night? You ſeem out of ſpirits; and Rupert's muſe itſelf, ſportive and elegant as ſhe is, cannot even raiſe a ſmile."

"I am going from hence," ſaid Ethelinde, hardly able to ſpeak.

"Going whither?" enquired her couſin.

"To London," replied Ethelinde.

"And immediately?"

"Immediately—to-night."

"With whom do you go, Miſs Cheſterville?" aſked Mrs. Ludford, whoſe temper was greatly ruffled to perceive the little attention Ethelinde lent to her ſon.

"With my father, Madam."

"Does Lady Newenden and Sir Edward leave Briſtol alſo?"

"No, Madam, not immediately."

"Does her Ladyſhip know I am here?" reaſſumed Mrs. Ludford, ſwelling with the ſenſe of her own importance, which

ſhe

ſhe began to ſuſpect made leſs impreſſion upon others than on herſelf.

"Her Ladyſhip, Madam, is ill in bed."

"Ill in bed, is ſhe! and you going to leave her; that is not methinks quite ſo friendly."

"Indiſpenſible buſineſs, Madam, obliges me to go to London."

"Buſineſs obliges you, does it—humph! I ſhould not have ſuſpected you of knowing much of buſineſs."

"Does your buſineſs relate to matters of property, of law, or of negociation?" ſaid the pert young counſellor, ſtrutting up to her; "if to law, pray retain me. Next to pleading to you, I ſhould like to plead for you."

"I have no occaſion to trouble you, Sir," ſaid Ethelinde with great coldneſs. "The buſineſs on which my father goes to town is a matter of no importance to any but his own family."

Thus repulſed, the barriſter was not however

however abaſhed; but addreſſing himſelf to Mr. Montgomery, began to aſk him as many queſtions as if he was likely to become witneſs on a trial. Montgomery, who was perfectly well bred, was extremely diſguſted with his confident and forward manners; yet he anſwered him, with great temper, that he came from the North of England, that he had buſineſs with Mr. Cheſterville, and that he was going back the ſame evening to London.

Mrs. Ludford, while her daughter and Ethelinde were talking in a low whiſper, liſtened to theſe anſwers; and immediately imagining that Montgomery was the lover of Ethelinde, and that they were going to London to be married, ſhe determined at leaſt to have the ſatisfaction of mortifying her niece. In this generous intention, ſhe turned towards her, and ſaid ſo loud that Montgomery could hardly eſcape hearing it—"Pray

Miſs

Miſs Cheſterville, who is the young man that is going to London with you?"

Ethelinde, deeply bluſhing, remained awhile unable to anſwer a queſtion ſo rude and abrupt; and in that moment Sir Edward Newenden and Colonel Cheſterville entered the room.

Nothing could be more inconvenient to both than this viſit. Sir Edward, though he had ſo ſettled matters by a letter to his banker that Cheſterville was to receive a ſum on his arrival in London equal to the releaſe of his ſon, had yet a thouſand things to ſay to him, and a thouſand charges to give Ethelinde. His heart was too full to enjoy any ſociety; and the viſitors whom he was now compelled to entertain were particularly irkſome to him. Colonel Cheſterville, whoſe ſoul had been torn with agonizing paſſions the whole day, and who knew that every moment was of importance to his ſon, was in haſte to depart; and he dreaded taking

taking leave before ſo many witneſſes, as he could neither command nor conceal his emotion. But the chaiſe was now at the door which was to convey him and his daughter from thence. Montgomery, who had arrived poſt, and who came forty miles that morning, would have returned by the ſame mode of conveyance; but Cheſterville could not help aſking him into the chaiſe; and after a few cold compliments to the unſeaſonable viſitors, while Mrs. Ludford ſeemed very much offended by their departure, Colonel Cheſterville got into the chaiſe, having wrung the hand of Sir Edward, unable to ſpeak to him. Sir Edward, almoſt equally ſpeechleſs, took the hand of Ethelinde, and ſeated her by her father. "God bleſs you, Ethelinde—may good angels guard you! Remember me ever as your friend; and never ſcruple applying to me when you think you can give me the happineſs of being uſeful to you!" Sobbing audibly, ſhe attempted unſuc-

unſucceſsfully to thank him, to return his good wiſhes; but her voice failed. Sir Edward bowed to Mr. Montgomery as he followed her: he would have wiſhed him well; but he could utter nothing: the chaiſe door was ſhut; it drove ſpeedily away, as they intended, late as it was, to go three or four ſtages that night. Sir Edward felt the ſeparation as if his heart had been torn from his boſom. He ſtood at the door as long as he could hear or ſee the chaiſe; then remembering that he had appearances to keep up, and duties to fulfil, he went mechanically back to the parlour, from whence he began to fear his viſitors never intended to depart.

"So, Sir Edward," ſaid Mrs. Ludford, who piqued herſelf on what ſhe dignified with the name of ſincerity and plain dealing, but which the reſt of the world called ill manners and ill nature—"So, Miſs Ethelinde has left you?"

"To return no more Miſs Ethelinde, I fancy," ſaid Miſs Ludford. "Mr Mont-

gomery I ſuppoſe is a lover, and my couſin is going to be married, is ſhe not?"

"I do not know that ſhe is," replied Sir Edward, very gravely.

"I ſuppoſe 'tis a ſecret into which only part of the family are to be admitted. This Mr. Montgomery—pray who is he? I ſuppoſe he has a great fortune? for expenſively as the girl has been brought up, no man in his ſenſes, in middling circumſtances, would like to marry her."

"Miſs Cheſterville's merit, beauty and family," ſaid Sir Edward, "render her an eligible object to men of the moſt diſtinguiſhed birth and ſplendid fortune; but at preſent I do not believe ſhe is likely to alter her ſituation."

"Nay Sir," cried Mrs. Ludford, riſing to depart, "you are, I doubt not, *better informed* than any body. I am ſure I wiſh Miſs Cheſterville very well; and can only ſay, that in general people's being above their family, and above their fortune, does not anſwer. I ſuppoſe *we* ſhall ſee no

more

more of Lady Newenden or of Mr. and Mrs. Maltravers?"

"Lady Newenden," anſwered Sir Edward, "is ill, and Mr. and Mrs. Maltravers are not here to night; but I am ſure they will all if poſſible make a point of paying their reſpects at Ludford Houſe before they leave Briſtol."

Mrs. Ludford then left the room in her uſual ſtately way, followed by her ſon, her daughter, and their friend; all equally mortified at the coldneſs with which they thought they had been received, and all laviſhing on the innocent and unhappy Ethelinde every cruel and ſatyrical reflection that malignant vanity in its diſappointment engenders. Miſs Clarinthia alone, with aſſumed ſoftneſs, affected to defend her; and imputed her cold and penſive manner to the ſituation of her heart; of which, however, ſhe knew nothing. When they were gone, Sir Edward went back to the room where he uſually ſat; and there, in contemplation on the fate of her

her whom he ſo adored, in bitter regret that he was deprived of her ſociety, and that another might probably ſoon claim an excluſive right to it, while *he* found no domeſtic comfort to ſoothe the ſickneſs of his ſoul, or to wean him from his fatal attachment, he painfully wore away the hours till it was time to go to reſt: his heart then ſoftening towards his wife, he ſent to enquire after her; ſhe returned a cold anſwer that ſhe was very indifferent; but as ſhe did not requeſt to ſee him, nor ſignify any intention to make thoſe conceſſions which he ſtill reſolved to inſiſt upon, he went not to her apartment to bid her good night; but to the nurſery; where having kiſſed his ſleeping children, and let fall a tear on the cheek of little Edward, whom Ethelinde ſo fondly loved, he retired, ſad and deſponding, to his own.

END OF THE SECOND VOLUME.